

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1863.

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SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

Grant's Interview with Pemberton.

It has been Grant's good fortune to appear as the prominent figure in two of the three great surrenders which the rebels have been forced to make—Fort Donelson and Vicksburg.

On the 3d of July a flag of truce came into his lines brought by Major-Gen. Bowen and Col. Montgomery, with a letter from Pemberton, asking a cessation of hostilities in order to arrange terms for the surrender. Grant's characteristic reply was that his only terms were unconditional surrender. Pemberton then asked an interview, which took place at three o'clock, and the surrender was agreed upon.

The next morning Gen. Grant and his Staff met Gen. Pemberton, attended by Col. Montgomery and other officers, at the Stone House inside the rebel works, and Grant formally took possession.

The Slaves of Jefferson Davis coming on to the Camp at Vicksburg.

Few incidents have been more curious and instruct-

ive than that witnessed some time before the fall of Vicksburg, when the slaves of Jefferson Davis from his plantation on the Mississippi came into camp. It seemed in itself the doom of slavery, and formed such a contrast to the vaunt of Toombs, that he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, that none can help being struck by it. The President of the Confederate States may call the roll of his slaves at Richmond, at Natchez, or at Niagara, but the answer will not come.

Coonskin's Observatory.

None of the sharpshooters in Grant's army has gained a more enviable reputation than Lieut. Foster, of the 2d Indiana, who erected the observatory we portray. He is the California Joe of the West. For a time, having given his cap to another officer, he wore a racoon skin cap, and as his death-dealing rifle had made the rebels perfectly acquainted with him, they were always on the lookout for Coonskin, whose presence foreboded a speedy close of some rebel's career. His observatory overlooked the rebel works, and commanded some of their guns, so as to render it impossible to use them.

GALLANT CHARGE OF THE 6TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY

At Falling Waters, July 6.

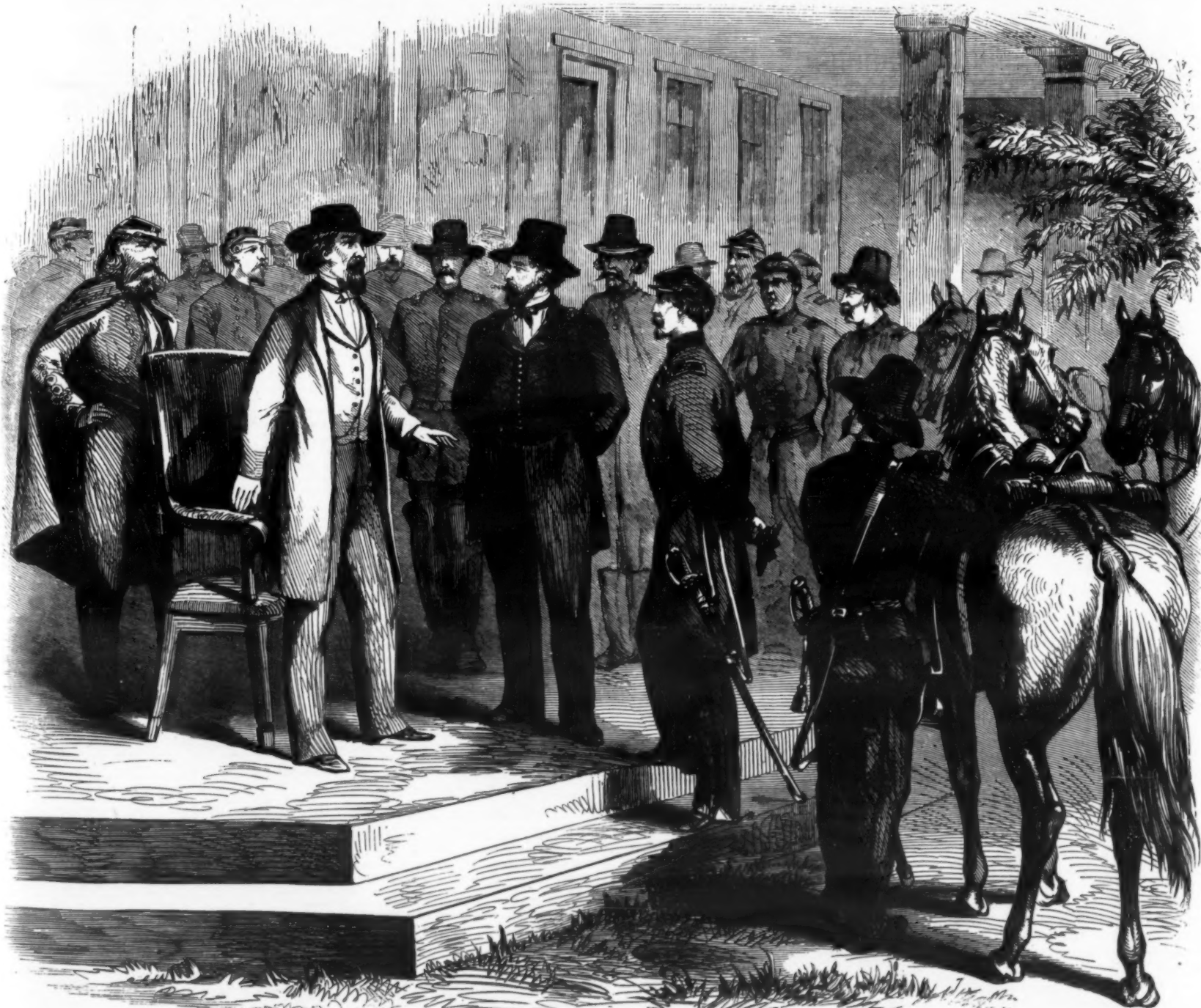
WITHIN the last year our cavalry has risen rapidly in efficiency, and is now, by the admission of rebel officers, far superior to theirs. The superiority of the Southern men as riders, and as cavalry, has proved as baseless as their claim to be descended from the cavaliers of England. The exploits of our cavalry in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania this year would fill a volume in themselves, and rebel soldiers fly at the approach of the Northern troops more fleetly than our men ever did before the redoubtable Black Horse. Yet among the many gallant charges there are few more brilliant than that of the 6th Michigan at Falling Waters, where they rode without drawing rein right over the rebel breastworks, scattering all before them. The cavalry were not more than 50 or 60 at most, but they charged up a steep hill in the face of a terrific fire, and though they lost in killed and wounded nearly two-thirds their number, captured almost the entire force of the enemy, with three regimental battle flags.

MENDELL'S REGULAR ENGINEERS BUILDING A BRIDGE.

THE Engineer service seems less brilliant than some other branches of service, and the men a kind of half soldier, half artisan. Yet when bridges are to be built, roads laid, mines run, all look to the engineer. The regular engineers work with great celerity, and in the present sketch we have an incident of Meade's pursuit of Lee, a bridge rapidly thrown over the Antietam, near Funkstown, by a body of regular engineers under Capt. Mendell, on July 11.

MORGAN'S RAID INTO INDIANA—DESTRUCTION OF DEPOT AT SALEM.

MORGAN's career of plunder, rapine and destruction seems about to close. His daring invasion of Indiana drew such a force around him that his main body was forced to surrender, while he, true to his gamester antecedents, during the negotiation started off, avoiding a surrender proposed by himself,



SIGN OF VICKSBURG—GENERAL GRANT MEETING THE REBEL GENERAL PEMBERTON AT THE STONE HOUSE INSIDE THE REBEL WORKS, ON THE MORNING OF JULY 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.

and imitating the treachery of Floyd and Pillow at Fort Donelson. We hope to chronicle the utter defeat and capture of himself and all his marauders. We present our readers an incident in this raid, the destruction of the depot at the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad at Salem, Indiana, on the 10th of July, and the pillage of the stores. He reached the town in the morning, destroyed the depot and bridge by fire, and at three in the afternoon marched on with six pieces of artillery. He nearly surprised a train coming in, but it took alarm in time, and, reversing the engine, backed to Mitchell, pursued for three miles by cavalry.

Barnum's American Museum.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE DENIER BROTHERS, Tight-Rope Dancers, Gymnasts, etc. Continued success of SANDFORD'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA TROUPE. Also, to be seen at all hours, the CIRANG OUTANG, TIGER CATS, BOA CONSTRUCTOR, AUTOMATON WRITER, etc., etc. Admission to all, 25 cents. Children under Ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE editors of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER would be pleased to receive a few very good tales for the paper.

DECLINED.—Reminiscences of a Garibaldian Volunteer.—Ida Warner.—A Seaside Breeze.—Ever Dear-est Britannia.

Summary of the Week.

NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 15th of July, Williamston, on the Roanoke, was bombarded by four Union gunboats; the rebels were driven from the river, and the bridge over Eardman's Creek destroyed.

On the 18th a cavalry expedition left Newberne, which burned the railroad bridge over Tar River, 300 yards long, and also the depot at Rocky Mount, besides destroying two miles of track on the Wilmington and Weldon road, and a cotton factory with 5,000 bales of cotton. They also captured a train with 30,000 pounds of bacon and two carloads of ammunition.

VIRGINIA.

A party of rebel cavalry attempted to cross the Potomac at Nolan's Ferry on the 22d, with a view of disabling the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but were repulsed by Mead's Independent Rangers.

A cavalry force under Col. Tolland, 34th Ohio mounted infantry, and Col. Powell, 2d Virginia cavalry, sent by Brig.-Gen. Scammon, cut the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Wytheville on the 21st, captured 120 prisoners, two pieces of artillery and 700 stand of arms, and as the citizens fired on the soldiers, destroyed the place.

Lee has escaped through Chester Gap, with the loss of some of his plunder merely, during a sharp fight at Front Royal.

KENTUCKY.

A squad of rebel cavalry pillaged Hickman on July 15th, and were unmolested by the citizens.

Gen. Pillow is said to have invested Fort Herman on the Tennessee, the garrison of which retreated to Paducah.

MISSISSIPPI.

On the 13th July Gen. Herran took Yazoo City and 200 prisoners, but the gunboat De Kalb was blown up by two torpedoes. The rebels burnt several steamers to avoid surrendering them.

Gen. Sherman has relieved Gen. Lanman of his command for disobedience of orders in attacking Jackson on the 13th, when he was repulsed with loss.

Jackson was taken on the 16th, Johnston retreating eastward to Brandon.

On the 18th a rebel camp at Rienzi was surprised and captured by the 6th Illinois and 6th Ohio cavalry.

On the 6th Grant sent eight steamers to Natchez, with 1,200 men under Gen. Ransom. The latter captured a great quantity of rebel guns, ammunition and stores, including 5,000 head of cattle and 4,000 hogheads of sugar.

The enemy admit that the loss of Jackson, with the rolling stock there, is wholly irreparable.

LOUISIANA.

The arrival of the Imperial from St. Louis at New Orleans was hailed with the wildest

excitement, extras issued, and Secessionists humbled.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The siege of Fort Wagner continues. A sortie of the rebels was repulsed. On the 16th the rebels landed on Stono Island, but were defeated with great loss. On the 18th a bombardment of Fort Wagner was commenced from Gillmore's batteries and the Monitors, Fort Sumter taking part in the fight. Towards night two brigades, under Gen. Strong and Col. Putnam, attempted to take the fort by storm, but were terribly repulsed, Col. Putnam being killed and Gen. Strong seriously wounded. The list of killed, wounded and missing amounts to over 1,500.

At our last accounts, July 19th, the attack on Fort Wagner was progressing, the gunboats and forts joining in the engagement.

OHIO.

Morgan was near Vinton, Ohio, on the 22d, and on the 23d at Eaglesport, closely pursued. His utter defeat at Buffington Island and the capture of most of his forces made him now anxious only to escape. Among our losses at Buffington we must regret the venerable and gallant Major McCook, father of Gen. Robert McCook and Captain Charles McCook, both killed in the service, and of the present Gen. A. W. McCook.

Morgan, with 400 of his men, was captured near New Lisbon on July 26th by Colonel Shackelford, and will, we trust, be hanged by the State authorities in retaliation for the Ohio soldiers of Mitchell's command hanged by the rebels.

NAVAL.

The pirates fitted out in England are now destroying our shipping on the coast of Brazil. Among recent captures is the Geo. Griswold, the ship sent to England with food for the starving poor.

Lieut.-Commander Selfridge made a successful cruise up Red river, cutting off supplies and ammunition from the rebel Gen. Walker. He captured two rebel steamers loaded with army stores, and seized large quantities of arms and stores at Trinity.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Gen. Blunt has added another to his list of victories by the utter rout of the rebel Gen. Cooper at Elk Creek. After an obstinate fight Cooper fled in confusion, leaving all his stores.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

French Designs.

THE hereditary hatred we entertain for England, and the hereditary infatuation we have entertained for France, have blinded us to the fact that of the two France is the more malignant and dangerous enemy. England, like ourselves, has so much to lose by a war, that to a certain extent we can always count upon her patience, even under great provocation. It is only when the affront becomes so apparent that her prestige would suffer in European eyes, that she boldly plants her foot, as she did in the Trent affair, and we have to retreat from our false position. The recent *imbroglio* between Louis Napoleon and the missionaries to Fontainebleau has compelled the *Monitor* to give an official explanation, which plainly shows the cloven foot of his Satanic Majesty. The last rumor from Paris says that the defeat of the Southern Confederacy on the Mississippi has determined Jeff Davis to propose a treaty to Napoleon, guaranteeing Mexico and Lower California to the French, and should that not be sufficient, Slidell is authorized to offer the tempting *bonnet* of New Orleans. Improbable as it may sound, there is no telling how far Southern desperation might drive them. In conjunction with this report, the address of the resident Frenchmen to the French Vice-Consul is significant. It sets forth a possible conflict between the black and white races in New Orleans, that Gen. Banks had deprived them of their arms, and closes with this paragraph:

"For these reasons they address themselves to you, Mr. Vice-Consul, to beg of you to submit to the Government of the French Emperor the critical position in which we are placed—the actual state of things in this city—and to entreat of you to suggest to our Government the necessity of sending to the Mississippi several vessels of war, to afford them all necessary refuge and protection, or any other means that may suggest itself to you for arriving at the same ends."

Against this, it may be said that England would never allow France to keep the door of the Mississippi.

The Source of the Nile.

THE solution of this problem by Capt. Grant and Speke has led to much cavil. When Columbus made "an egg stand on its hind legs," as an Irishman once called it, by jolting the end on the table, everybody, of course, knew then how to do it; and now that the intrepid and persevering Adelphi have found out the Nile's Alpha, several geographers come forth, crying out, "I knew it!" "I told you so!" "Look in my map, published ten years ago, and you will find the Nile's Victoria marked down!" This may be true enough, but Capt. Grant and Speke were the first to prove, by actual observation, that in this lake rested the watery head of old Father Nile.

Hypocritism.

THE recent successes of Gens. Grant, Meade and Banks have evidently made a profound impression on certain journals which had hitherto betted on that "bottled nag," Jeff Davis. One of them now emphatically protests that it knew from the first the rebellion would be crushed; this course is evidently dictated by the hope of covering up past delinquencies. Old Sam Rogers, Byron's "bard, beau and banker," used to relate a similar attempt to

deceive: Lady Holland had so great a dread of thunderstorms that she labored under the presentiment she would be killed by lightning. She therefore used on these occasions to change dresses with her lady's-maid, so that, if the lightning were predestined to smite her, it might hit the bogus Lady Holland! A King of Spain entertained a similar wish to cheat the Omnipotent, for, having led a very wicked life, he left directions for his corpse to be dressed up as a monk, and thus escape into Paradise in disguise!

The Rebel Forces.

Things are certainly drawing to a focus. The best informed of our military authorities thus sums up the balance sheet of Jeffdom:

Gen. Lee's army, now between Winchester and Gordonsville, consists of—

Stuart's cavalry.....	11,000
Longstreet's corps.....	20,000
Ewell's corps.....	18,000
Hill's corps.....	15,000

Making 64,000 disciplined troops under an able leader. There are also about 20,000 troops at Richmond, Petersburg and on the Peninsula, between the Pamunky and the Chickahominy. Gen. Beauregard has about 30,000 at Charleston. The force at Mobile is under 10,000. Gens. Marmaduke and Price have about 15,000 in Missouri and Arkansas. Joe Johnston's army now is reduced to 20,000, and Gen. Bragg's army cannot exceed 50,000, if indeed they are so many, since he has lost heavily from desertion in retreating before Rosecrans. The Richmond *Enquirer* recommends the immediate massing of these forces with Lee's grand army, and then one rapid march at all risks on Washington, falling upon Meade's army like an avalanche if it gets into its way. That is certainly a very fine plan, Mr. Richmond *Enquirer*, but *Phomme propose, Dieu dispose*.

The Glory of the Day.

SIDNEY SMITH—famous for losing some \$50 by Pennsylvania bonds, and making \$10,000, at least, by abusing the "drab-colored rascals"—this reverend speculator and profane joker used to say, when he rose from table, "Now has the glory of the day departed!" And a barbarian monarch, when he had swallowed his daily pork and beans, ordered his herald to proclaim, with loud trumpet blare, "All other Kings and Queens may now dine!" We have thus the concurrent opinion of saint and savage that dinner is, even out of Connecticut, some pumpkins. The author of a very agreeable article in the *Atlantic Monthly* takes the same elevating view of the great social meal, although let us, *en passant*, observe that, in our opinion, a late supper is a far more intellectual treat. Our author very properly considers dinner as an act of physical worship, to be treated with appreciative reverence, and not as a natural and necessary task, to be gobbled through with all dispatch. Dining is a science, not a trade. Its votaries ought to qualify themselves for it by fasting, if not with prayer, although grace ought to be said at every decent symposium. Our *Atlantic* author can only remember one dinner which comes up to his ideal. We are sorry to add, as an American, that it was a dinner in England. Indeed, he deliberately says that an Englishman is the only man who knows how to dine. Let us quote this Epicurean: "Among the English dinner has a sanctity, *per se*, if it be only a mutton chop; they treat it with due reverence, and are rewarded with an enjoyment which such reckless devourers as ourselves do not find in our richest abundance. I do not know whether my countrymen will allow me to tell them, though I scarcely think it too much to affirm, that on this side of the water people never dine. At any rate, the highest possible dinner has never been eaten in America. Though often in England present at good men's feasts, I remember only a single dinner there which I could feel to be a perfect work of art. It could not be called animal enjoyment, because out of the very perfection of the lower bliss there had arisen a dream-like development of spiritual rapture. It seemed as though a diviner set of senses were requisite for the special fruition of this banquet. Such a dinner is one of those things of beauty which are joys for ever." If ever man deserved to realize Sam Johnson's dictum that "God did not make all the good things for blockheads," it is certainly the author of "Civic Banquets," in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The Cruelty of Fear.

"COWARDS are always cruel," said Lord Bacon. The writer of the most truculent war articles in a certain daily paper having, in blind ignorance of his own nature, accepted a commission, turned tail in his first battle and was ignominiously expelled the service. We have no wish to blame him for a defect of nature, for nerves are very treacherous things. But it certainly ought to counsel toleration. Our opinion of the recent outbreak of popular fury was fully expressed in our account of the riots. No sane or honest man can possibly defend it; but one riot does not place the entire race out of the pale of mercy, and it was in this spirit that our clearheaded, fearless Governor and the benevolent Archbishop addressed the repentant maniacs. But what can justify writers who counsel the shooting of women and children? as a correspondent in a daily paper does, or what another says in a cheap pictorial:

"Had the mob been assailed with grape and canister on Monday." "Had the resistance been more general and the bloodshed more profuse than it was on Thursday, the city would have enjoyed a longer term of peace and tranquillity than we can now count upon."

The strong and the constitutional are always merciful. An ignorant populace is very much like neglected children, requiring unswerving firmness, and not spasms of blind slaughter more reprehensible than their own.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

Now that the city is in a tranquil state we begin to realize what a flurry we have been in, and what a large amount of real danger we have passed through. We little thought, on the Monday morning as we rode down town in the 3d Avenue railroad car, that we should have to foot it back the whole weary distance at night, and have to run the gauntlet of a hundred corner knots of rowdy rioters. Being low down on the West side of the city, we were not aware to what extent the rioters had proceeded, but as we strolled up town rumors gathered strength, and we thought that we had better make our way homewards without delay. So we turned into the 3d Avenue and waited for a car. First we walked down, and then as the possibility of a stoppage occurred to us, we walked up, and kept on walking, with our nose pointing

northward, until the excited crowds jostled us, an angry words and threatening gestures, together with a not very savory smell of a warm mass of not over clean people, admonished us to take a quieter route. We turned into Lexington Avenue, and stumbled right on the houses sacked by the mob, so we made speedy tracks for Madison Avenue, and congratulated ourselves upon the delightful quiet of the neighborhood; but we had not gone many blocks when we walked right into a crowd of suspicious-looking characters. Luckily they were so excited in argument that we slipped by unnoticed. On the opposite corner was a group of four more. As we approached one of them stepped before us, and said:

"Hello, captain."

Now, we are not an officer, and the fellow knew it, and we should have passed right on, but for the fact that something about ten feet high, with a face on so full of rum, so smeared with dirt, and so civilly malicious, stood in our way. The others quietly closed round us, and finding ourselves trapped, we became very jolly, and answered in a jocular and hearty tone:

"Well, boys, what's up?"

"Why, you see, captain, about this draft; the boys are riled, and ain't agoing to be dragged from our homes and families. We've had a hard day's work of it, and we've invited some fellows over from the quarries to help us. We want to treat them well!—the monster spoke in a low, insinuating tone—and we want to raise a little money, and want you to help us, captain?"

We replied with extraordinary alacrity that we hadn't much about us, but what we had we gave joyously, for the sake of the cause, at the same time handing him \$3, a few postage bills and some cents. While he examined the pile by the gas light, he advised us to search our other pockets, but we assured him that we had given him all. When he had finished his examination, he exclaimed, with indignation:

"By G—, Bill, he has given us cents! Now, boss—here he shook his finger at us—'I would better cut as fast as you can; for if the boys on the other side come and find you have nothing for them, they'll murder you.'"

We took the hint, walked leisurely away until we came to the next corner, and then—we believe that Fashion could not have beaten our time.

We got to Yorkville somehow, and found it in a blaze. Two or three houses burning—fires down town—fires in Harlem—and fires around us. The fire-bells continually ringing, the mob shouting and the reign of terror established. No sleep that night. The next day all conveyances stopped, and we stayed at home to guard our castle. An opposite neighbor, having been warned that his house was to be gutted this night, we foolishly consented to receive his most valuable things. This fact was soon known, and we in turn were warned that as we interfered we must take the responsibility. Of course we would not send back the things, so we fortified the place as well as we could, and waited the coming night. Alarms of fire were constant after dark, but the threats, as far as we were concerned, were not carried out. We saw from a window two or three men break open a frame-house and deliberately set it on fire. As soon as it blazed up thoroughly the engines came, and the incendiaries threw off their coats and helped to put the fire out. That being done, the engine left, a swarm of men, women, boys and girls rushed to the place, and the frame-house, which was not much injured by the fire, was torn down, chopped up from the roof to the foundation, and every fragment of it carried away for firewood! It was the neatest thing we ever saw.

On Wednesday afternoon the police and some soldiers arrived, the citizens formed a patrol guard, and for the first time in three days a sense of security prevailed. But we were not permitted to rest entirely easy, for on Thursday evening we were sitting in our library with a friend, talking over the events of the previous days, when the doorbell rang violently, and he was summoned to depart instantly. We went with him to the door, and we heard him greeted thus by a voice solemn and warning:

"At times like these you should be home guarding your wife and children. I have been warned—tonight is to be the great sacrifice, the St. Bartholomew massacre of New York—our houses may go with the rest. I have prepared myself with an iron crowbar and six clubs; you should do the same. I will defend my little ones, and if I am to fall—here the voice became sepulchral—"

"Come storm or wrack,

"At least I'll die with crowbars on my back."

We sat up all that night, expecting an attack momentarily, but it was a needless anxiety, for profound quiet reigned in Yorkville. We had almost forgot to say that our neighbor sent for his goods when the danger was all over, but disremembered to thank us for the obligation, or to express regrets for the risk we ran on his account.

We congratulate our readers in the neighboring cities of our State on the fact that that eminent composer and pianist, Mr. Robert Goldbeck, who made so great a sensation last season by the production of his grand symphony "Victoria," is about to visit them with a novel entertainment. He has arranged a lecture, with piano illustrations, which he will give in most of the principal cities and towns of the State. His lecture is divided into five parts, thus: 1. General Remarks on the Art of Music; 2. Italian Opera; 3. Drawing-room Music; 4. Church Music; 5. National Airs. Each part is illustrated by compositions of the best masters in the various styles, performed by Mr. Goldbeck. The design of the lecture is admirable; it is at once pleasing and instructive. We are certain that it will be well done, for Mr. Goldbeck is a thorough artist, a fine performer and an earnest and large-thinking musician. We commend his concert-lecture most cordially, and we trust that the musical circles, wherever he visits, will give him crowded and appreciative audiences.

We are singularly destitute of amusements at the present moment, for there are literally only three public places of entertainment open in the city. Niblo's Garden has reopened its doors, and the people crowd in to witness the performance of the "Duke's Motto," which after six weeks' run proves just as attractive as ever. New York will support a good thing, and the "Duke's Motto" is the best thing of the kind that we have ever seen in this city. It is an extraordinary piece in its plot, incidents and denouement; it is put upon the stage in a manner altogether unequalled, and it is acted in a very superior manner. Mr. Wheatley's personation of Capt. Lagardere is certainly a masterpiece of his kind, and has raised him to a high point of popular favor. The "Duke's Motto" will be performed every night until further notice.

Mr. Frank Wood's capital burlesque of "Leah the Forsook" has achieved a great popularity. It is excellently carried out, and is so admirably acted in the broad burlesque spirit that we cannot wonder it attracts large audiences even in the heated summer term. The company contains some of the best burlesque actors in the city: Miss Emily Thorne, Setchell, Mark Smith, Davenport and S. L. Smith, Jr., are a host in themselves. We advise our readers, all who can, to have at least one good hearty laugh at "Leah the Forsook" at Winter Garden. It is ramored, and pretty generally believed, that Mr. Frank Wood has taken the "Duke's Motto" in hand with a view to do it up in first-rate burlesque style. It is a capital subject, and we do not doubt that he will enter *en amore* upon the work.

It is stated that, after the close of Miss Thorne and Mark Smith's season, the Winter Garden will pass into the hands of Mr. Humphrey Bland, and that Mrs. Bowers will be the leading attraction.

At Barnum's Museum on the same novelties which proved so attractive last week will be retained. But the present week is announced is the last of the Sandford Opera Troupe; therefore all who wish to hear them must go at once. The celebrated Denier Brothers, the champion gymnasts of America, perform both day and evening, and also the extraordinary Automaton Writer, which is the mechanical wonder of the day. To see the wild dancing and acrobatics worth the price of admission charged to view the whole performance and accumulated curiosities.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The rowing match for \$1,000 and the Championship of America, between Joshua Ward of Newburg, N. Y., and James Howell of Pittsburgh, Pa., was won by the former in 42 min. 29 sec., the distance rowed being five miles. Upwards of 20,000 people were present, and an immense amount of money changed hands on the result, the Pittsburgh man being backed to win at \$1,000 to \$500.

—The total public debt of the United States on July 1, shown by the books of the Treasury Department, is \$1,097,274,366. In the Secretary's report of last December he estimated that by this time the public debt would reach \$1,122,297,401. The expenditures, however, have been slightly less than the Secretary anticipated, or rather the national revenue has been somewhat greater, and the public debt is therefore less by \$25,023,037 than the Secretary estimated last December.

—The Great Eastern sailed for Liverpool on the 21st July, laden with grain, provisions, etc. It is fast becoming what it was intended to be, a mammoth floating hotel. During the last passage the passengers had races on board, so wonderfully steady is this great ship.

—Money is easy at six per cent. Gold ranged from 124½ to 125½, and closed at 125½. Bankers' 60 day sterling bills were sold at 137 to 139, and francs at 4.14 to 4.16. The stock market advanced, and prices are firm.

—During the rainstorm of the 20th July a bridge on the Hudson River Railroad at Castleton, near Albany, was washed away, and there were several breaks made in the Erie Canal. There were heavy rains through the centre of the State.

—The Cincinnati Enquirer gives an account of a little girl, Eliza Stiles, aged two, who is a perfect monstrosity. The head measures fully three and a-half feet in circumference—the forehead being at least seven and a-half inches in height, and some 15 to 16 inches in breadth. This is no exaggeration, but can be at once seen by any one who may choose to visit the Western Museum, where this wonderful freak of nature is now being exhibited. The hair, which is very fine and of a flaxen hue, is not luxuriantly spread over the crown, but quite as much so as in most children of the same age. The skin is very fair and wears a healthy appearance, and the face is by no means ungainly in expression; the features below the forehead being regular, only the eyes are somewhat expanded, and the delicately pencilled brow seems to be warped and to wear a hard expression, through the expansion of the forehead which here commences.

—A meeting of merchants has been held in New York City and a large sum of money subscribed for the relief of the unfortunate black persons who have suffered from the recent riots. The Philadelphia Press says: "The hostility of the Irish to the negroes is so strange as to admit of only one explanation, that near relations never agree." A very noble sentiment, considering our Burkes, Sheridans, Wellingtons, etc.

—It is said that the people of Maine are about to tap the pine trees in that State with a view to make resin, which they think can be made as well in that region as in the Carolines. Thus prop after prop of the South threatens to tumble out.

—The town of Newington, N. H., has voted to pay the \$500 exemption fee for those of its citizens who are drafted.

—A lady in Avon, N. Y., had a swarm of bees gather on her sunbonnet. She took them to a hive and secured them without assistance.

—Mayor Oddy has offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of every rioter concerned in the late outbreak in this city. It is thought this will lead to a considerable quantity of hard swearing.

—The Polish Jews of this city are organizing to raise funds for their heroic brethren now struggling against the despotism of Russia.

—Gov. Joel Parker, of New Jersey, has authorized the raising of 50 rifle companies for State defense.

—The young men of Jersey City are forming protective clubs in case of any of them being drafted. Each member pays a certain sum, which is for the purpose of paying the exemption forfeit.

—A lady has been drafted in Lewiston, Me. The enrolling officer, in visiting a boarding-house, asked for the list of names of the boarders. One of them was Frances Parker, signed Frank Parker. Frank was accordingly enrolled, and is now drafted.

—The Baltimore City Council have voted to expel from the schools all children who will not learn to sing the National Anthem. The Council also voted to give the Christian Commission \$500 and the cost of a salute.

—A grocery store in Cruger, Woodford Co., Ill., was, with its contents, nearly demolished by a party of men and women recently. The attack was led by a young girl, and occasioned by the refusal of the proprietor to stop selling liquor to her father, who was, it is said, in the habit of spending much of his time there.

Western.—The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce has expelled 33 members for refusing to take the oath of allegiance.

—The Republican State Convention of Wisconsin is to be held at Madison on Wednesday, the 12th of August.

—A young candidate for the Naval School from Colorado has presented himself at Newport. He came from his home alone, and 700 miles of the distance he walked.

—The Cincinnati Enquirer of the 15th of July has a very racy account of the manner in which the celebrated freebooter, John Morgan, with 300 of his lured guerillas, rode into a Western town, the name of which it says a sense of delicacy forbids it to mention. It appears that early one morning he and his myrmidons rode into the town, passed himself off as Col. Wolford, in hot pursuit of that notorious rascal John Morgan, and demanded fresh horses, which were cheerfully given. He and his troop then rode off amid the loudest cheers. Three hours afterwards the genuine Wolford rode into the place with horses quite knocked up, in pursuit of his bogus presentment.

Southern.—Gen. Mitchell recently collected together all the immoral women of Nashville and shipped them to Louisville. He could only find 130. Prentiss says he can't be angry, since Gen. Mitchell evidently thinks Louisville a little too virtuous.

—The Oshkosh (Wis.) Northwestern remarks a curious circumstance relative to Jefferson Davis: "We have been informed on trustworthy authority that there is a child of Jefferson Davis, the President of the so-called Southern Confederacy, being educated among the Stockbridge Indians, at their settlement in Shawnee county. Davis, it is well known, was stationed at Fort Winnebago some years ago, and there formed the acquaintance of the mother of the child, a M. monomee squaw."

—The attempt making to restore Louisiana to the Union by repealing the Secession act will undoubtedly be successful, as Louisiana never seceded by the vote of the people; the leaders never dared submit the act to the popular vote.

—The Richmond papers are very desponding over the fall of Jackson. The Whig says: "The evacuation of Jackson, Miss., left in the hands of the enemy the richest stock of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern, the Mississippi Central and Missouri, and Tennessee railroads. The motive power alone consisted of over 40 engines. The loss is irreparable, and wholly irreparable. The Union Army, and from New Orleans, N. C., reached Fort Sumter on the line of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, on the 26th inst., and destroyed two locomotives, and the bridge over the Neuse river, and the bridge over the Pamlico river, cutting off communications from the South."

—The price of gold is now 100 cents Confederate bonds to the dollar. This, of course, raises the price of every article of food and dress to almost fabulous prices. A pair of ladies' gaiters are \$50; coffee, \$5 a pound; no tea; ham, \$2 a pound.

—The New Orleans correspondent of the Herald says: "We have just seen an extra of the Mobile Register, dated July 9; it contains a grandiloquent account of the battle of Gettysburg, and gives Lee credit for capturing 60,000 Union troops."

Military.—Brig. Gen. Joseph F. Kila, lately on duty in the Cumberland Valley, has been relieved and ordered to join his old command in the army of the Potomac.

—Newburyport harbor is to be fortified. Batteries are to be commenced immediately on Salisbury Beach, just below Black Rocks, to be completed in two months; 50 or 60 men will be employed in their erection. Eight 32-pounder rifled guns are to be mounted thereon, and a garrison of 100 men will hold them.

—Gen. Schenck has again distinguished himself. He has forbidden all army officers from visiting Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore. The American says that it presumes, as a set-off, Gov. Seymour will prohibit New York officers from paying their quarters to Barnum's Museum.

—The 55th Massachusetts colored regiment left for Newberne on the 21st. The Bostonians gave it a hearty "good speed."

—Regarding substitutes the Hartford Post says: "The number of Canadians arriving here is on the increase. This is equally true of other cities. Over 200 reached Boston lately. There has been so much skedaddling from the States into Canada, that it has greatly reduced the demand for and price of labor, so that the Canadians themselves find it to their advantage to come here and offer themselves for substitutes, realizing the large premiums offered."

Naval.—The iron-clad Passaic has started for Charleston. Two steam gunboats have been ordered to New Orleans—the Gertrude and Granite City. The monster iron-clad Roanoke is a complete success, and is now ready for service under Capt. Ganeyworth.

—A delegation sent by the Connecticut Legislature has had an interview with Secretary Welles, for the purpose of urging Government to send two gunboats to cruise off the entrance to Long Island Sound, Montauk and Fisher's Island. The delegation consisted of Lieut. Gov. Averill, John T. Adams and Philip Bond.

—Messrs. Aspinwall and Forbes, who have just returned from England, express their convictions that the rebel fleet built in England, and nearly ready to sail, will not be detained by the English Government. They add that this is principally owing to the threats so constantly fulminated in a few journals in the North, that directly the rebellion is put down, we intend to seize Canada, as a reimbursement for the expenses.

The Draft.—The Provost-Marshal find it very difficult to rent buildings for the purpose of drafting, the owners being afraid of the mob firing their premises.

—The draft for the city of Auburn and 17 sub-districts in the county of Cayuga took place in Auburn on the 23d July. The best of order was observed and the best spirit manifested. The drafted men had a dress parade in the evening, headed by a band of music and colors flying.

—The draft in Elmira, N. Y., took place on the 20th July. The utmost good feeling prevailed during the drawing. The conscripts had a procession and jollification in the evening.

—The Committee, of which Senator Morgan was chairman, sent by Gov. Seymour to Washington on matters connected with the draft, has returned. They announce that it will not recommence until it has been properly and definitely settled what the State quota will be.

—The Government has decided that all able-bodied men, between the ages of 18 and 45, who have served in the army of the United States for not less than nine months, and have received an honorable discharge, can re-enlist in any regiment in the service which they choose, and become thereby entitled to the \$402 bounty.

—Considerable activity has sprung up within the past few weeks in regard to enlistments. It is now said that all troops enlisted from any given locality, beyond what that locality was bound to furnish under the last call of the President, as well as all seamen recruited for the navy, will be counted as raising the number due on the draft. If this be so, New York city will have a considerable balance in her favor on account of her seamen.

—The Common Council of Rochester have voted \$307,300 to pay for the 691 men, their quota of conscripts.

—The Secretary of War, with the utmost disregard of logic, has decided that the commutation of \$300 only exempts from this draft. This is so manifestly incorrect that it will, of course, be overruled.

—A drafted man in Boston paid a good price for a substitute and the fellow ran off; hired another, and he skedaddled. Got disgusted, and declared he would go himself, anyhow; but the Board of Enrollment didn't see it, and threw him out on account of physical disability.

—A person who was enrolled and drawn as a conscript in the Fourth District of Boston received his exemption papers on the 23d July, under rather peculiar circumstances. He presents a certificate from the Warden of the State Prison that he had been a convict in that institution on the charge of felony, and had served out his full term of imprisonment. Of course, after such an experience, he is exempt from serving in so honorable a position as that of a soldier in the Union army.

Personal.—We see it stated in a Philadelphia paper that "Orpheus C. Kerr" is about going to California. His health has been very poor, and we hope the voyage may restore it.

—An attempt was recently made in Nashville to assassinate Dr. Peters, who killed Van Dorn for improper behavior towards Mrs. Peters. The Nashville Press says Dr. Peters is of opinion that one great object of his enemies is to hush for ever a full revelation of the history of the tragedy between himself and Van Dorn. "In this, however, he has taken time by the forelock, having written out a full history of the matter which brought about the libertine's death, extending over 50 pages, sealed it up carefully and deposited it with a friend, to preserve and publish in case of his assassination."

—Gen. Kilpatrick is at his house in Sussex county, New Jersey, recruiting from his recent exhausting labors in the field.

—The Forrest divorce case has been indirectly up again in the Superior Court. Mrs. Forrest claims a balance of \$3,750 as due her and unpaid. The Court ordered that the Trust Company holding the mortgage given to Mr. Forrest by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul should deduct the amount from accruing interest, and pay it over to Mrs. Forrest.

—Senors Murillo and Parraga, Minister and Secretary of Legation from the United States of Columbia, have been received by the President.

—We regret to read in the Home Journal that Gen. Morris, the most amiable of editors, is confined to his home on the Hudson by severe illness.

Obituary.—On the 25th July, Lieut. Manning Livingston, son of Morgan Livingston, and grandson of Gen. Morgan Lewis, was buried in the family vault of this honored and ancient family. When the war broke out he entered as a Lieutenant in the 3d regiment of regular artillery. He was then a mere boy of 19, and was an intellectual and handsome as he proved to be brave. He took his part gallantly in the celebrated Peninsula campaign, fighting through all the Chickahominy battles. He was in Fredericksburg

and Chancellorsville battles. He was struck by a rifle ball at Gettysburg, 23d July, and, dying instantly, was buried on the field by his comrades. His body was afterwards exhumed and brought to New York, and now rests with the dust of his ancestors.

—Gen. Oudinot, Duke of Reggio, died in Paris on the 7th July, aged 72. He was the eldest son of Napoleon I's celebrated Marshal, who received his title for his services at Wagram. Gen. Oudinot also served from 1804 to 1815 under the great soldier. He commanded the expeditionary corps against the famous triumvirate of Mazzini, Avellan, and Garibaldi, then in Rome. When Rome surrendered to Oudinot, Garibaldi cut his way through with a body of troops. After the capture of Rome, Oudinot returned home, and was raised by the President of the Republic to the rank of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Resuming his position in the Assembly, he was foremost in opposing the personal policy of Louis Napoleon, and the coup d'etat found him in the same disposition. He was one of the 220 members of the Legislature who made a vain attempt at resistance, and having been invested by his colleagues with authority to command the troops of the Paris District as well as the National Guard, he summoned Gen. (now Marshal) Forey and the soldiers, who did not personally obey his orders. The soldiers, under him to command of Forey, arrested him and his colleagues, lodging them in the fort of Vincennes. This was the end of Gen. Oudinot's public career.

—Major Daniel McCook, of Ohio, was mortally wounded at Buffington Island, in the Ohio river, in a skirmish with Morgan's guerillas. He and his brother, George W. McCook, have contributed about a dozen fighting men to the war, and the family have probably suffered and sacrificed as much as any family in the country. Major McCook had a young son killed in the first battle of Bull Run, and another son, Brig. Gen. Robert L. McCook, while wounded, was murdered by guerillas near Salem, Ala., in August last. Another son, Maj. Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook, has also been wounded once or twice in battle; and has been a victim to the disease which has fallen a victim to the rebellion while defending his State from invasion. During the war with Mexico he was a Lieutenant-Colonel of Ohio Volunteers. The deceased was in the battles of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff.

—Capt. A. S. Dean, Able-de-Camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. Strong, died at his residence, St. Louis, on the 10th July. He was a prompt, faithful and energetic officer.

—John T. Sullivan died at Washington, July 16, at the age of 81. Mr. Sullivan was formerly a banker at Philadelphia, a Director of the United States Bank, and an inflexible opponent of Mr. Biddle and supporter of the policy of Gen. Jackson in regard to that bank. The last 25 years of his life has been passed in Washington.

—One of the most estimable members of the press, Wm. H. Giles, for many years connected with the Courier and Enquirer and Commercial Advertiser, died, in his 35th year, on the 15th July, after a long illness.

—Gen. Edward N. Kirk, of Stirling, Ill., died in Chicago on the 23d July, after the effects of a wound received on the 31st December, at the battle of Stone River. He was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, 1828. He was practicing for the law when the rebellion commenced; he then raised the 34th regiment of Illinois Volunteers. In December, 1861, he was assigned to the command of a brigade in McCook's division. On the 14th Feb., 1862, McCook's division, with the rest of Buell's army, was ordered to reinforce Gen. Grant at Pittsburg Landing. In the famous battle that followed Col. Kirk maneuvered his brigade in a gallant manner, pushing it on to the front, through the disorder and panic-stricken soldiers. In that action, while pushing forward with the colors to steady the line, which he feared was wavering, he received a severe and dangerous wound in the shoulder. In June, 1862, he received the Presidential nomination of Brigadier-General, but for some reason the Senate refused to confirm the appointment. In August, not yet recovered from his wound, Col. Kirk rejoined his brigade, then with Buell in Kentucky. On the 1st of October the whole army left Louisville in pursuit of Bragg, and Col. Kirk commanded a brigade in McCook's army corps. On the 3d of December Col. Kirk was made a full Brigadier-General, and on the 31st went into action, and received the wound which resulted in his death.

—Col. Robt. G. Shaw, 54th Mass., was killed on the 18th July, in the attack on Morris Island. Col. Shaw was the son of Francis George Shaw, of Staten Island. He entered the war as Lieutenant in the famous 3d Massachusetts, known as the Fighting Second. He was, before the war, a member of our 7th regiment. He served in the valley of Virginia under Gen. Banks, and fought at the battle of Cedar Mountain, where he was struck by a spent ball, but not hurt. There his regiment distinguished itself, and he won the rank of Captain. He fought under Pope and afterwards at Antietam, where he became Major of the regiment. When Gov. Andrews began to recruit a colored regiment he looked round for an officer to command it who should have experience, coolness and capacity. He selected Major Shaw. Col. Shaw formed the regiment, and drilled it so excellently that its discipline was always counted among the best. He embarked with it some months ago for Port Royal, where its arrival created much excitement. He has since been at work on the Georgia coast, under the general command of Col. Montgomery, and it would appear that his regiment was called up to take part in the attack on Charleston. By his death the country has lost a brave and noble-hearted gentleman, and a tried and skilful soldier. Col. Shaw was married only a few months ago.

—Dr. James R. Chilton, the well-known chemist of this city, died on the 23d July, at Yonkers, whither he had gone for a few weeks of relaxation from professional labor. His health had been for some time in a very precarious condition, and his death was not altogether unexpected.

—Dr. George Chilton was a native of England, and emigrated hither in 1788. He made this city his residence, and entered into business as a druggist and analytical chemist. James R. Chilton was born in 1809. At 18 he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and graduated in 1829. He immediately went into partnership with his father, upon whose death, in 1846, he succeeded to exclusive partnership. His success in business was of the most gratifying character. He had a wide reputation, and was employed here and other places to make scientific investigations connected with judicial proceedings. He had an excellent faculty for business, and obtained a handsome profit. Other adventures proved equally lucrative. Dr. Chilton married the daughter of the late E. B. Clayton, formerly an alderman of this city. Mrs. Chilton is still living, together with two children. The family belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for many years attended worship regularly at St. Paul's Church.

Accidents and Offences.—At Concord, N. H., on Saturday, the 18th of July, Calvin Dyer, the well-known Enfield Shaker, was shot by a soldier named Thomas Wier, and is not expected to live. The difficulty related to some children whom Wier had placed in the care of the Enfield Shakers.

—At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors on the 22d of July, a resolution was adopted authorizing the Mayor to offer a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderers of Col. O'Brien.

—During the wind storm of the 22d of July a shocking accident occurred in 22d street, between 1st and 2d avenues, the scene of one of the mob excesses, by the walls of the police station being blown down by the wind, and burying several persons in the ruins. Although many were bruised, more or less, only two children were killed.

—On Monday, July 26th, some of the rowdies of Staten Island attacked two soldiers of the 11th Volunteers, and beat them so brutally that two died. The justly indignant soldiers fired upon the mob, killing one and wounding several.

—Mr. Rafter, a well-known broker of Memphis, Tenn., while on his route to Cleveland, Ohio, was robbed at Rochester of \$15,000, part in gold. Having occasion to get out of the train, some person snatched the valise in which his money was and escaped. Next day, however, Detective Brayton traced the robber to Utica, and recovered about one-half of the sum. The man is in custody.

—Dr. Gunn, Health Officer of this port, complains of the false statements made by the captains of vessels arriving here from infected ports, thus risking the introduction of yellow fever merely to avoid a few days' detention. Capt. Priest, of the Acadia, from Havana, is especially named as having sworn that there had been no sickness on board his vessel, when it proved that one man had died of yellow fever on the passage to New York. Judge Dowling has requested the District Attorney to indict all such offenders.

—A melancholy accident happened on the 21st of July. Miss Frances Nicoletti, attended by a gentleman to whom she was on the point of marriage, went bathing on the shore of Atlantic City. Venturing out too far, they were carried away by the under tow and drowned. The lady's body has been recovered.

—A woman of Norristown threw herself down a well recently, in consequence of losing some money by the failure of a bogus Savings Bank.

—An amusing case came before the Justice of a small city near Hoboken, last week. Two lively young gentlemen who have acquired various polite accomplishments, such as cock-crowing, donkey-bray, and other animal languages, the other night commenced a vigorous catwadding under the window of a fierce old Dutchman. So admirably was the imitation that the old gentleman of the dirtiest kind of water over the fence offenders. They were nearly swamped. Next morning they had Myrner Van Dune before the Justice, who fined the lively cats \$5 for provoking a breach of the peace.

—The Bloomington Branch of the Western Bank, Missouri, was lately robbed of \$15,000, by a gang of six scoundrels and bushwhackers. A detachment of the 2d Provisional regiment are in pursuit of the robbers.

—The Philadelphia Ledger states that a brutal prize fight took place early on the morning of July 23, near Darby, Delaware county, between a man named McGonigal, of that city, and a New Yorker named Diamond. An eyewitness states that 210 rounds were fought, occupying over two hours. McGonigal was declared the victor after Diamond had been severely punished. The contest was for \$200.

—On board of the school ship Savannah, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a somewhat singular accident occurred one day this week. During the recent riots the guns had been loaded, and the charge still remained in one of them. While the instructor was giving lessons to the pupils in the matter of loading, firing, sighting, etc., the gun went off, the ball lodging in Williamsburg, and passing through two houses. Fortunately no person was hurt by the discharge.

Foreign.—Every now and then English society is enlivened by a case of scandal. The latest is that of Lord Vernon, who, falling in love with an Italian lady some 20 years ago, settled on her \$5,000 a year to educate their four children, all daughters. Some three years ago the lady married Count Della Seta, whereupon Lord Vernon takes the children away from her and stops the annuity. She sues Lord Vernon, and the Vice Chancellor awards her £400 per annum. As Lord Vernon is married, the resurrection of this old affair of his cannot be pleasant for his Countess.

—Bourcelault and his wife—who is not, by the way, going to leave her Dion, nor yet coming to the America—are on the eve of a starting tour in the Provinces. He has relinquished his "palatial dwelling." Hereford House, Kensington, and has taken a house in St. John's Wood. Although he is a bankrupt it is said his wife is enormously rich, and that really he does not peril a dollar of his own or her money in that grand speculation which seems to have ruined him. The Jordan difficulty damaged him very much, and compelled the Duke of Wellington and other noblemen who were willing to assist his plans to decline the honor of his further acquaintance.

—Martin Farquhar Tupper, who sometime ago wrote an execrable book called "Proverbial Philosophy," and then retired to a handsome estate at Surrey, is to be made a baronet. He wrote an epithalamium for the Princess in which he made "wanderer" rhyme with "Alexandra."

—The Africa brings a full report of the speeches in the House of Commons on the postponement of Mr. Roebuck's motion for recognizing the Southern Confederacy. It is quite evident from Palmerston's speech that he expected Lee to take Washington. Mr. Lindsay's explanation of the visit to Fontenau is said to be equally evident that Lord Napoleon meant what Mr. Roebuck reported, although his language was so artfully constructed as to enable him to make it a mere question of the future.

—The Giornale della Marina of Turin, on the 16th ult., announces that, by order of the Minister of Marine, all vessels sailing under Pontifical colors shall henceforth, on entering Italian ports, fur their colors, and not be allowed to display them so long as they remain in Italian waters.

—Decapitation is the mode in which capital punishment is still carried out in Prussia. It takes place within the precincts of the jail, in presence of a certain number of persons, who are invited as witnesses.

—The General Mouravieff, who has lately exercised such cruelties towards the Poles, is not the Mouravieff who gained an honorable reputation at the siege of Kars, but only a distant relative.

—The Turkish Government is adopting all possible means to stimulate the growth of cotton in that country.

Art, Science and Literature.—Mr. Blackburne, now well-known in Europe as a remarkable blindfold chess-player, has recently played twelve games at once, against as many players, at Manchester, England, before a large number of spectators. Six of the games were won by Mr. Blackburne, four by his opponents and two were drawn.

—John Brougham has brought out, at the Strand Theatre, one of his old Wallace pieces. Its new name is, "While there's Life there's Hope." It has been very successful. The parts of Chatterton Drake, Rupert Wolfe and Smiler, so ably filled here by Brougham, Lester and Whiting, are represented by English actors, and with such effect that those who have seen the play on both Continents prefer the new actors.

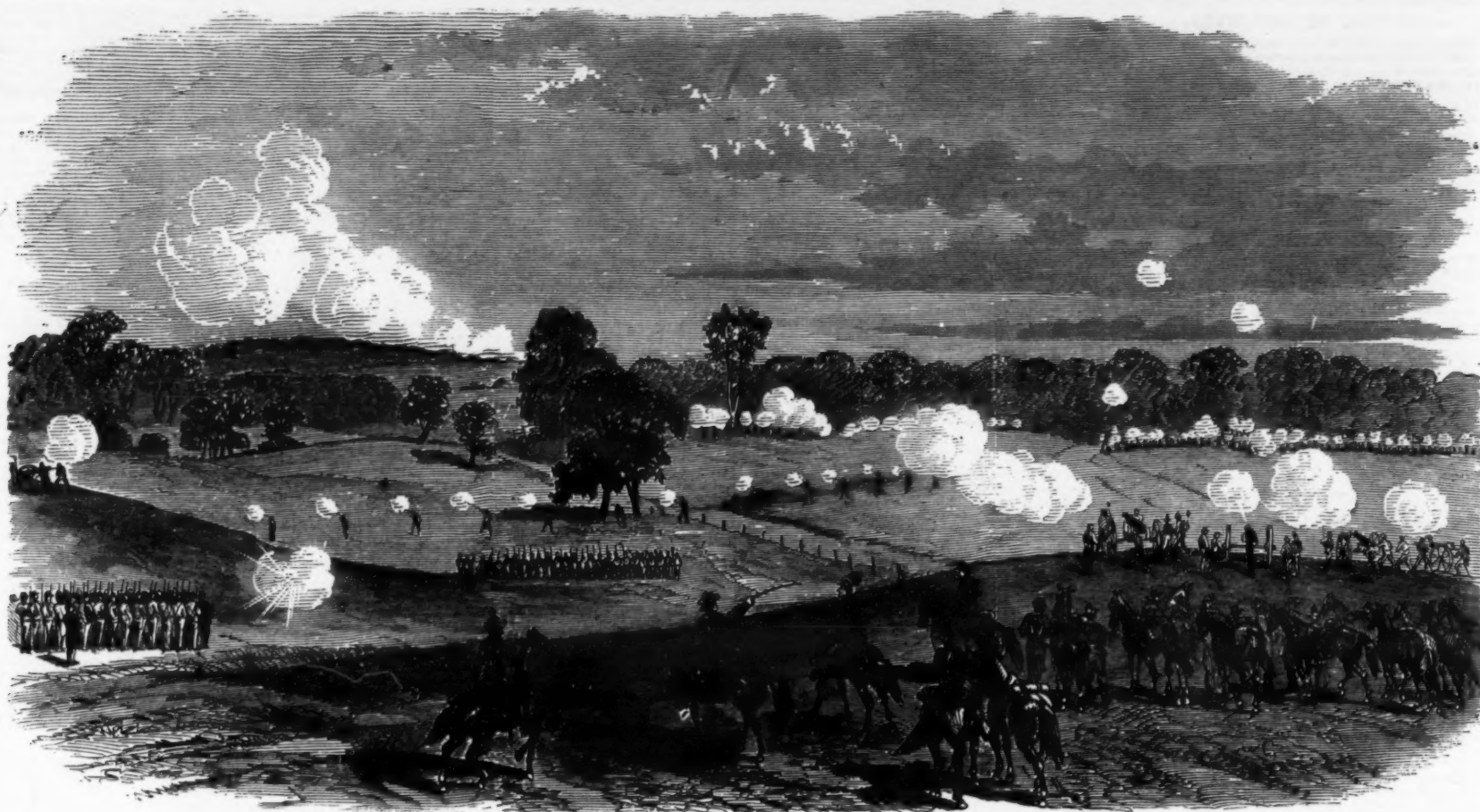
—The Canadian Government is about introducing a new patent law, of great importance to American inventors. Under the present system patents are granted only to resident Canadians; under the new law, it is proposed to extend the protection to inventors of all nations.

Chit-Chat.—The Empress Eugenie, after much hesitation, has finally determined on going to Jerusalem, on a pilgrimage to holy places, and the project, in all probability, will be realized in the course of the autumn of the present year.

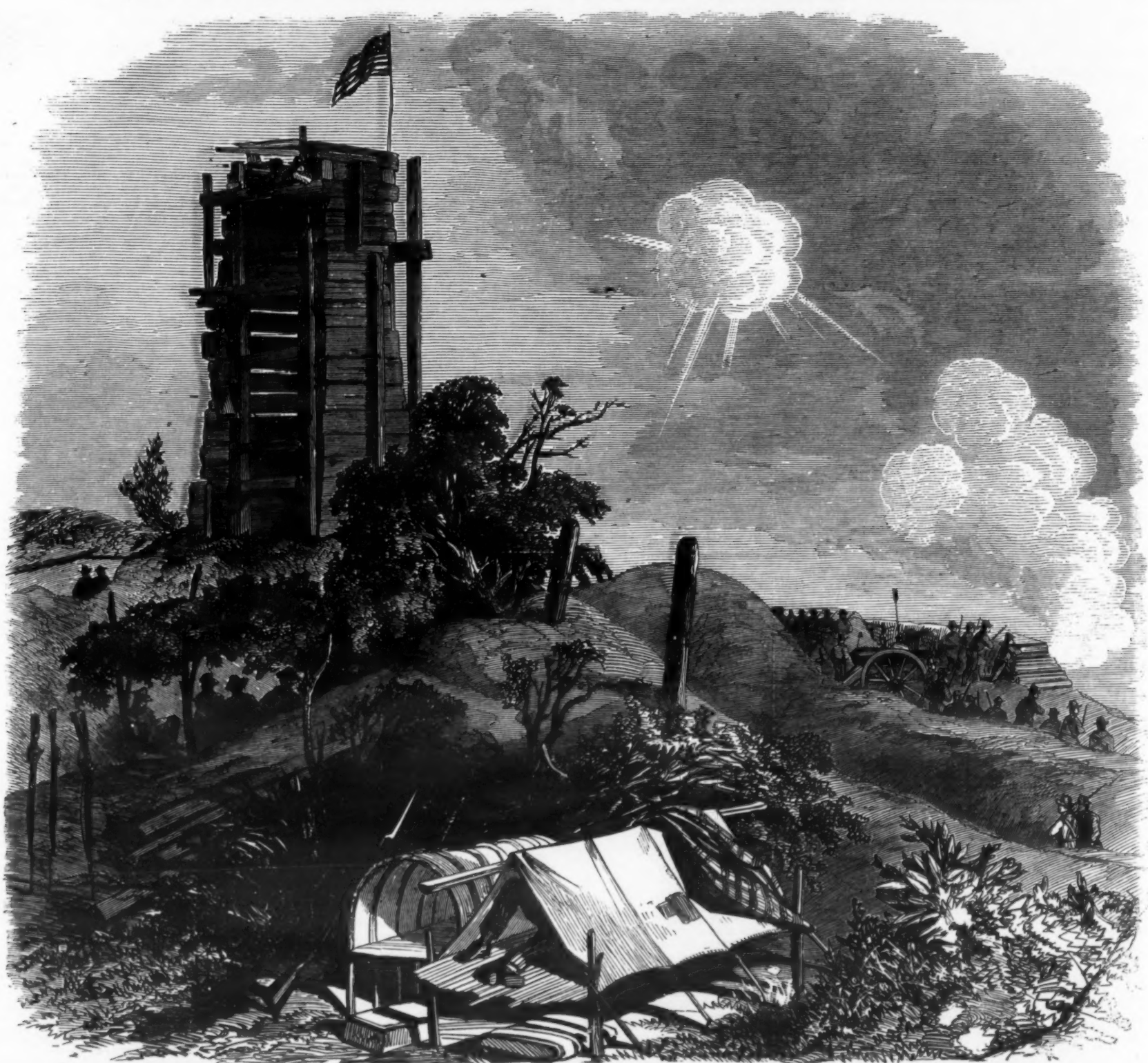
—Stockings "to suit the feet" are now sold in London. They are, like shoes, "rigata and lefts." The inner edge of each is quite straight to the extremity of the great toe, while the outer is rounded off to the shape of the foot.

—We learn from Capt. Speke's narrative of his doings in the Uganda (Uganda) country that the King was terribly frightened, and disposed to treat the gallant traveler with more consideration when he suddenly appeared with his umbrella. The monarch thought it was a deadly weapon, killing by magic.

—Punch says: "A foolish friend of our declares that the discovery of the sources of the Nile would in the dark ages have been called an act of sorcery."



INVASION OF MARYLAND—GENERAL KILPATRICK REPULSING THE REBEL STUART AT DOONSBORO, JULY 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. E. H. BONWILL.



SIDE OF VICKSBURG—COOPER'S OBSERVATORY OVERLOOKING THE REBEL WORKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.



THE LETTER.

MAIDEN with the puzzled brow,
What strange treasure hast thou now?
Have thy childish dreams of wealth
Come at last as if by stealth?
Have the gold and diamond rare—
So often sought with eager care,
And eyes surveying all the ground—
Been in a letter truly found?
Drop thy basket, con it well—
Who its wondrous worth can tell?
Is there money in the fold,
Notes of banks worth priceless gold?
Poor little one, I sadly fear
No sudden fortune yet is near.
That buoyant youth is all thy wealth,
And its companion, perfect health:
Seek in the daydreams of thy age
What poverty can best assuage;
And still keep watch, the treasure may
Fall to thy lot some future day.

PRIZE STORY No. 24.

THE TENANT OF THE
STONE HOUSE.

By Mrs. Lillie Devereux Unsted.

PART II.

AFTER that my life passed as a dream. I met Alice nearly every night, and thoughts of her filled up all the intermediate time. I was not permitted to speak of her to any one, nor would she tell more of her history, a few expressions occasionally giving me feeble glimpses of what she had suffered, but no clue to the mystery that surrounded her. Two weeks glided by thus almost imperceptibly, and every day I grew more in love with sweet Alice. I was only happy when with her, and she, I began to hope, had learned to look forward with pleasure to our meetings. A marked change had taken place in her appearance since the first evening I had seen her. Whatever there had been that seemed strange in her manner then had passed away, her eyes had lost the startled restlessness of expression, her face had grown less anxious, her cheeks had even gained some color, and her form seemed to have become less fragile. When we met now she received me with sometimes a little confusion of manner that was very charming, and her down-

cast eyes no longer reading my face with an eager stare, and more frequently turned away in sweet embarrassment when I ventured on a compliment or expression of admiration.

In the course of our talks I had told her much of what had passed in the world. She was never weary of listening to my accounts of events at home and abroad. I had also lent her some books, which she carried away concealed as if they had been a disgrace. My impatience to know more of her mysterious surroundings constantly increased, yet, seeing how much my questions had at first distressed her, I forbore to urge her. This much I could control myself, but the intense growing love I felt for her became soon most difficult to conceal. I was my own master, independent, started in business. I had no one to consult in choice of a life's companion. I had already begun to think I should be happier if married, yet I had never seen any young lady who had excited more than a passing admiration until I had known Alice. Now, with the whole strength of my nature I had learned to love this beautiful enigma, who was a thousand times more attractive to me in her mysterious forlornness than had she been the most dashing belle who had been glittering in gay ball-rooms.

One evening I sat beside Alice in our usual seat on the rocks. There was no moon; but the brilliant soft starlight filled with faint light the still warm air. The river at our feet rippled softly in gray shadows, the trees overhead hung dim and black, the flowers near sent up sweet odors from their invisible chalice. There had been a moment's silence, only broken by the chanting of summer insects and the song of the distant whip-poor-will. I was studying the sweet, broad head beside me. At last I said:

"Alice, I wonder if you enjoy these meetings half as much as I do?"

"Indeed I do, a thousand times more," she replied, earnestly. "Why, they are society, and hope, and life, and even breath to me;" then pausing, as if embarrassed at all her words admitted, she added: "You know I am shut up all the while and see no one but you that I care for, while you can go where you please."

"Yes; but, Alice, it is sweeter to me to be here than anywhere else in the world."

"Ah! it is so kind of you to say so," she said. "Do you know, Mark, I often think how good it is of you to come here every evening, and you do it so kindly too, and say these obliging things, so that I shall not know if it tires you."

"Tires me, my darling," I cried, for I could not restrain myself. "Ah! Alice, I would like to spend my whole life with you!"

She drew back at my impetuous words, looking at me with some of the old scare in her mild eyes.

"Do not be frightened, dear, dear Alice," I went on. "I love you—I love you with all my heart, my darling; my darling, come to me for shelter. Be my wife!"

One moment she continued to look at me as if seeking to read the truth of my words in my face; then the sweet eyes filled slowly with tears, the fair head drooped, she let me circle her in my arms, and nestled to my breast as if that were the resting-place she sought.

After the first few wild moments were passed, Alice raised her head. "Do you really love me, Mark? Are you not only sorry for me?"

"Love you, my own darling? I have loved you since the first moment I saw you."

"And yet you know so little of me!"

"I know enough to see how beautiful and sweet you are; to be sure that I love you more than any one else in the world!"

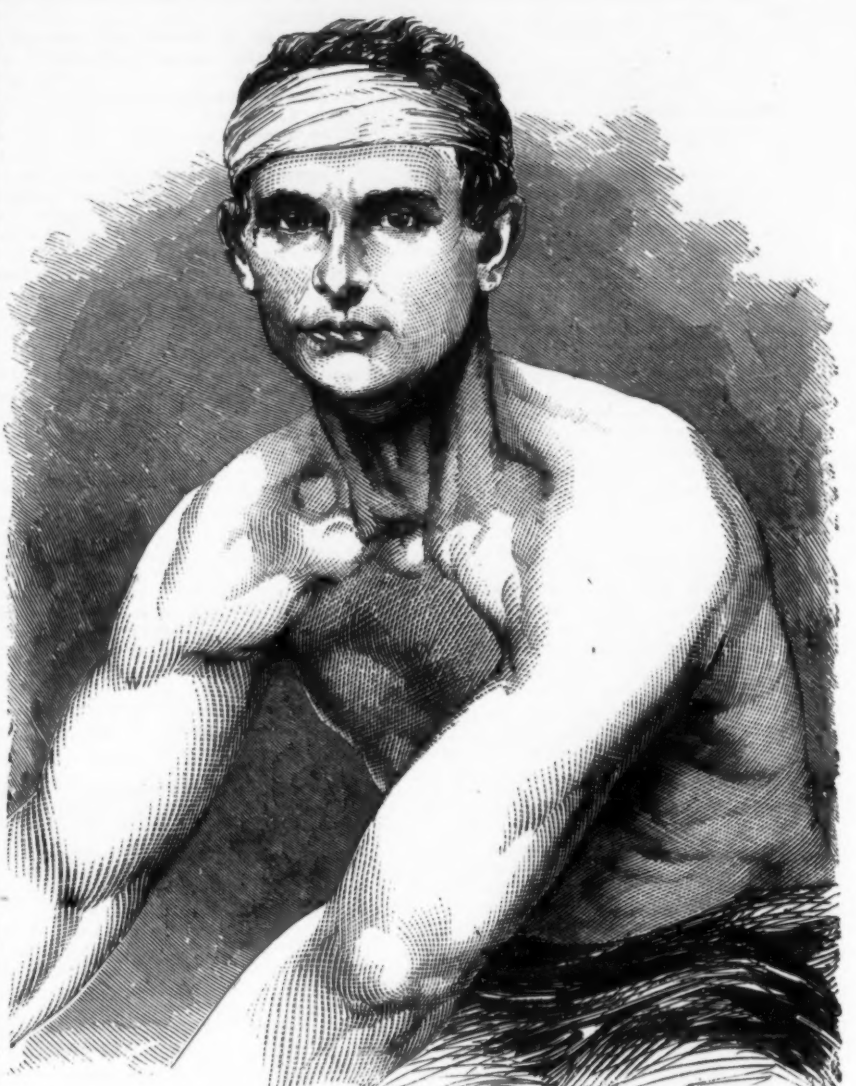
"Yes; but now I must tell you all," she said, with dignity, drawing back a little from my embrace.

"First say you love me."

"You know I do, Mark," she answered, simply.

"How can I help it? you are so noble, and good and true."

Once more I caught her to my heart; but then,



JOSHUA WARD, OF NEWBURG, N. Y., CHAMPION SCULPTOR OF AMERICA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

freeing herself from my arms and only letting me hold her hand, she began:

"Did you ever notice anything strange in my manner?"

"Only the first night when I startled you so much."

"Not since?" she repeated, earnestly.

"No, only you are strangely lovely."

She did not smile; but growing white, even in the dim light, and with the old distressed expression coming over her face, she said, slowly:

"Mark, for three years I have been kept in close confinement as a raving maniac!"

"Good God!" I cried, in sheer horror at the awful words. I suppose the hand that held hers trembled with the shock, for, drawing her fingers away, she groaned out, with irrepressible anguish:

"Now, you cannot love me!"

"My darling, I do indeed," I replied, quickly.

"You are not crazy now."

"Nor have I ever been."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in amazement.

"Mark, I have never been any more insane than I was that first night you saw me."

"And yet you have been shut up?"

"Yes, and my friends told that I am a hopeless lunatic."

"Alice," I exclaimed, looking at her in terror-struck astonishment, "do you mean to say that against your will you have been shut up all this time, while you have been perfectly sane as you are at present?"

"Yes, only too much so," she said. "If I had been the poor wretch they would have made me, I should not have suffered as I have."

I could not yet comprehend such villainy. "Tell me it all, Alice," I urged. "I do not yet understand you. Who did it?"

"My uncle, Miles Linden," said Alice, and even her sweet face grew dark with dislike as she spoke. "Mark, I am very, very rich. My father left, they say, more than half a million, and my uncle was executor of the will and my guardian till I should be of age or married. I was very ill just after my father's death. I had brain fever, and was delirious for several days. I think this first suggested the idea to that wicked man of making me insane. When I began to recover I found I was attended only by a strange woman, this same Mrs. Norton. Almost before I was able to travel she carried me away in a close carriage, away from my beautiful home and all my friends. Think of it, Mark! Away from those who loved me to a dull, dark house, where I was shut up all alone by myself."

"And can such things be?" I groaned. "Oh! my darling, how you must have suffered!"

"I wonder I did not become what they would have made me," said Alice, drearily. "It was a long time before I was at all well, a long time before I discovered all the terrors of my situation."

"But did no one ever come to see you?"

"I think probably they did; more than once a carriage came even to that out-of-the-way spot, but what could my few friends do? I was described as a raving maniac, dangerous to see, I suppose. My uncle was the only person who had any authority. I was but an unknown young girl, after all, and probably soon forgotten."

"And did you never try to escape?"

"Yes; twice I contrived to speak with persons outside the house, but each time I began by telling the story; of course they would not believe me, they thought I was raving when I spoke. Hence, the second time the person I saw was a clergyman, and I think the fuss that he made led to our leaving that place and coming here."

"Where was it?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?" I repeated.

"No, Mark; how could I know when I never saw any one but the Nortons? I should not have known the name of this place had you not mentioned it accidentally. You see now why I was so



The Empty House.

glad to see you, and why I would not tell you at once the reason of my strange situation. I was so afraid you would think me crazy that I determined not to tell you all till I had first convinced you of my sanity."

"And your uncle got the money?"

"Yes, he would be heir after me, and of course he enjoys it all now. There is none to question him. I think he hopes I will die, but he is too wary to try to kill me. He has all the benefits of my death, and he knows I am delicate. Indeed, Mark, I don't think I should have lived long had it not been for you."

This was the story that poor girl told me, and I felt that I could never express half my love for her, my admiration for the fortitude that had enabled her to endure such unparalleled misfortunes, and my indignation at the villain who had inflicted this deadly wrong.

While we were yet talking Alice was startled to see a light.

"I must go," she cried, starting up, hurriedly.

"Go, my darling! Never again!" I exclaimed. "You are mine now, and you shall not leave me."



The Lost One found

"You have never told Mrs. Standish of my existence. I cannot ever, under such circumstances, come to her house alone at night with you."

"But, Alice," I began.

"No, Mark, respect my scruples," she replied, firmly. "I can very well endure imprisonment another day, now that I know you love me."

"To-morrow night I will claim you openly," I said.

"As soon as you please; and now, good-night."

She hurried away. There was much good sense in what she said, yet I was but half satisfied. I could only, however, acquiesce in her wishes for the present, and as I walked slowly back to the house I revolved the best means of freeing her effectually, and finally decided that my best course would be to wait till night again, then bring Alice at once to my grandmother's, and, if necessary, be married immediately.

Never a twenty-four hours dragged like the next. I was so excited and happy that I could not sleep at night, and all day was restless and wretched with impatience. My only consolation was in telling my grandmother the whole story, and enjoying her sympathy and surprise. The old lady was very much interested, and proposed at once to accompany me to the garden, to receive the poor outraged girl to her heart and home. The hours at last passed away and the long twilight came on. I was in the garden early, pacing up and down with unconquerable restlessness. The time stole on, but Alice did not appear. Eight o'clock—nine o'clock—ten o'clock. I hardly know how I lived through the slow creeping seconds, but at last I could endure no more. I resolved to demand her from the Nortons, since they would not let her come. Climbing over the rocks, I went up the neglected garden, under the dismal evergreens, to the back of the house. It was all dark. No signs of life about the premises. I knocked at the door. No reply. Half frantic, I went to the front of the house. Nothing but silence and gloom. I pounded on the great entrance door. Only the barren echoes of the empty hall sounded in reply. I shouted and called all in vain. Gradually a terrible fear took possession of me. Instantly returning to my grandmother's, I dashed off to the village, almost running every step of the way till I reached the abode of the agent who had charge of the Stone House. To the amazement of the servant whom my impetuous ring had brought up, I insisted upon seeing Mr. Jones at once. He was just retiring, the man said, but he would call him. A few moments, that seemed an age, and the agent came in.

"Mr. Jones," I demanded, breathlessly, "do you know anything about those Nortons who are in the Stone House?"

"They are gone, sir."

"Gone!" I gasped.

"Yes. I am as much amazed as you seem to be, Mr. Standish. They must have gone off in some early train this morning. I received a note about noon, containing a quarter's rent and the news of their departure."

I muttered some thanks and an incoherent explanation of my strange visit, and hurried away, my heart heavy as lead, my bright hopes all gone. I returned to my grandmother's as wretched a man as I lived.

Mrs. Standish sympathized in my new distress; with the indulgence of a grandparent she was all ready to assist in anything that would increase my happiness, and now was full of interest in this new romance. One piece of advice she urged was most excellent, that was not to speak of what had occurred, as any fears of Alice's rescue would certainly cause her uncle to redouble his precautions.

Of course I could not stay in Elmdale after this, but devoted myself at once to the search for the lost Alice. It was unavailing. The Nortons had not taken any train from the village. Norton, I discovered, had bought a wagon and horse soon after coming to the Stone House, and in this they had gone away, how far or in what direction I could not learn. I became utterly unhappy. I had never once asked Alice where her uncle lived, and our only frank conversation had been so short that many important themes had been omitted. I could see no hope in the future, and while distressed at my own suffering from loss of the fair bride I had won, every pang of disappointed love was made more poignant at the thought of all the possible horrors of her fate. One only faint hope remained to me, and that was my confidence in Alice's fortitude, and the belief that if possible she would write or send to me.

After several weeks spent in prosecuting useless inquiries, I returned in no happy frame of mind to my duties in New York. I was in partnership with Caleb Dutton, a man already in large practice, and I was kept thus pretty busy; but all my occupations could not prevent me from being haunted day and night with the memory of the lost Alice.

One dull November day, when the rain dashed mournfully against the glass, and the scene without was as gloomy as my heart, I sat writing in the outer office, when a man came in and asked for Mr. Dutton. He was a gentlemanly-looking person in dress, and his face, though repulsive in expression, cold, sinister and covert, had, nevertheless, something in it that suggested to me that I had somewhere seen it before.

"What name, sir?" asked a young clerk.

"Linden—Miles Linden, of Albany," replied the stranger.

I started to my feet, trembling with excitement. I had just sufficient presence of mind to conceal my emotion until I saw the stranger go into Mr. Dutton's room. This, then, was Alice's uncle; I could not for a moment doubt it; the very suggestion of his face was its slight family resemblance to the beautiful niece; the name, too, was so peculiar; there could be no mistake. The moment he was in the office, I turned to the clerk—

"Look that outer door, Smith; that man is a villain, we are going to catch him."

Mr. Dutton

looked up surprised, Linden scowled at me. I burst out—

"Excuse me, Mr. Dutton, but I must ask this man one question. Miles Linden, where is your niece Alice?"

He grew white to his very lips, and sat staring at me for a moment in speechless amazement, then seeming to recover, he answered with a powerful effort:

"I do not know what right you have to make inquiries concerning that unfortunate young lady."

"Every right," I exclaimed, "of humanity and affection. She is my promised bride, and I insist upon knowing where you have hidden her."

"Mark, are you crazy?" exclaimed Mr. Dutton, who only now seemed to have recovered sufficiently to speak. Then I turned to him. I had already mentioned some of the facts with regard to Alice, and asked his advice on the subject. I now in a few brief words explained what had passed, and that this was the wicked uncle. During the recital Linden sat growing each moment more agitated. Mr. Dutton looked from him to me, and at last spoke very gravely.

"You say the young lady is of age, Mark?"

"She's just past twenty-one."

"Then a writ of *habeas corpus*—"

"There is no need of that," interrupted Linden, with a sickly smile. "I am truly rejoiced to hear that my niece is so much better. The truth is, in the pressure of business I may have somewhat neglected her. This is a very unpleasant attack, gentlemen; but if you will say no more on the subject, I will produce her at once. Of course a scandal would be very disagreeable, so it might be better to arrange the matter quietly."

After some further discussion, I finally accepted this proposed compromise.

"And now where is she?"

"In this city."

My heart beat so at this joyful news that I was willing to give up everything for an immediate meeting. Mr. Dutton joined me in insisting that we should be taken to her at once, himself kindly volunteering to go with me and see that all was right. A carriage was sent for and we were soon driving in grave silence through the streets. It was quite a time before we reached the wretched hy-street to which Linden had told the coachman to drive. Here, between a church and a warehouse, was a narrow, dull-looking dwelling-house; at this door we got out. Linden would have given me an order on the Nortons for Alice's release, but fearing some trick, I forced him to accompany us.

After some delay the door was partially unbarred, and a woman's face, the female Norton's, appeared. On seeing Linden, she started back.

"Oh, Mr. Linden, I'll open in a moment."

The door swung wide, and we all three entered.

"I should like to see my niece."

"Yes, sir." And casting a surprised look at us, especially at me, whom she probably remembered, the woman showed us into a small, ill-furnished room, and went away.

She was gone some time, during which I counted the seconds by heart-beats. At last we heard slow steps echoing along the empty hall, and the inner door swung open.

There stood Alice, but so pale, so haggard, so unutterably sad, that I shuddered at sight of her. She was dressed all in black, her golden hair coiled away in heavy curls, her dark eyes wide with the old startled horror of expression. She seemed only to see her uncle, regarding him with weird terror, yet with a certain aspect of determination in her face. Mr. Dutton, I could see, looked questioning, horrified; there was a gleam of demoniac joy on Linden's face.

"You see, gentlemen—too true! too true!"

Alice seemed spellbound, still standing with that wild stare. By a tremendous effort I shook off the nightmare that oppressed me.

"Alice! my own Alice!"

"Mark! Mark!" she cried, with sudden light, and hope, and joy breaking over her lovely face. "You have come at last, and I am saved!" and with an abandonment of delight, she flung herself into my arms.

Mr. Dutton came forward, his face radiant with smiles. For a moment we were all too happy to observe Linden, when we looked up he was gone.

"Scoundrel!" muttered Dutton, "we will catch him yet." But I was too full of joy to be vindictive.

"Am I really free?" asked Alice, as I proposed to lead her away.

"Free as air, my darling, free to do anything in the world but stop loving me."

Then there was a little consultation as to where she would go. She had a cousin on her mother's side in the city, so she decided to seek a home with her.

Mr. Dutton added to his kindness by going with us to this lady's, Mrs. Stone's house; she was a friend of his wife's, and he could explain everything to her. So when we reached the handsome house we were left in the parlor while he had a brief preparatory interview with our hostess. While he was gone Alice told me how she had suffered, how wearily the time had passed, and how many times she had tried to find some means to communicate with me. Then Mrs. Stone came in, all cordiality and delight, and I knew that my love's troubles were over.

My story is done; no need to tell further details of the happy after time. Miles Linden fled to Europe before we could catch him; on investigation we discovered that a considerable portion of Alice's fortune had been converted into cash and taken with him. But what still remained was sufficient to make my bride a magnificent dowry. In a month I enjoyed the pleasure of seeing Alice expanding daily into the blooming and exquisite beauty nature intended her to be, of seeing her taking a natural interest in the arrangement of her trousseau, and all the innocent pleasures and amusements from which she had so long been cut

off; and then one sparkling winter morning my dear grandmother came up from Elmdale to the gay wedding that terminated the romance of the Stone House.

THE TWO PORTRAITS:

An old Story newly Told.

BY JOEL BENTON.

A Florence artist, in the fields of May,
Saw on a bank of flowers that edged his way

A rare and wondrous child, absorbed in art-
less play.

And smitten by a flame of purest joy,
"This beauty," said he, "shall my skill
employ,

Till from cold canvas glows the sweet and
marvellous boy."

But bringing to the task his subtlest art,
A bright thought sunned the chambers of
his heart—

To mate with his fair piece a dark, fit coun-
terpart.

Years flew apace; far on a foreign shore
The artist saw, chained near a prison door,
A man—a wretch so low he never met before.

Setting his easel in the open air,
He sketched the face with such unconscious
care,
Each mute line inly writhed with horror and
despair.

Think of his wonder when with life it
smiled,
The picture of that being fierce and wild,
To learn he once had been the pure and in-
nocent child!

If, to the Tuscan gallery led some day,
You witness Art's miraculous display,
Look at "The Fiend in Chains," matched
with "The Child at Play."

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S
SECRET," "LADY LILIE," "JOHN
MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—RICHARD'S DISCOVERY.

AN almost ungovernable impulse prompted Eleanor Monckton to make her way at once into Maurice de Crespigny's sick-chamber, and say to him, "Launcelot Darrell is the wretch who caused your old friend's cruel death. I call upon you, by the memory of the past, to avenge that old friend's bitter wrongs!"

The struggle was a terrible one, but discretion in the end triumphed, and Eleanor submitted herself to the guidance of her devoted slave and ally. She knew now that Launcelot Darrell was guilty; but she had known that from the moment in which she had seen him lounging in the Windsor street. The task that lay before her was to procure such proof as must be convincing to the old man. In spite of her impetuous desire for immediate action, Eleanor was compelled to acknowledge that the testimony of the sketchbook was not strong enough in itself to condemn Launcelot Darrell.

The young man's answer to any accusation brought against him on such evidence would be simple enough.

Nothing would be easier than for him to say, "My name is not Robert Lance. The drawing abstracted by unfair means from my portfolio is not mine. I am not responsible for the actions of the man who made that sketch."

And against this simple declaration there would be nothing but Eleanor's unsupported assertion of the identity between the two men.

There was nothing to be done, then, except to follow Richard Thornton's advice, and wait.

This waiting was very weary work. Estranged from her husband by the secret of her life; unhappy in the society of Laura Mason, against whose happiness she felt that she was, in a manner, plotting; restrained and ill at ease even in the familiar companionship of Eliza Piccirillo, Eleanor Monckton wandered about the great rambling mansion which had become her home, restless and unhappy, yearning, with a terrible impatience, for the coming of the end, however dark that end might be. Every day, and often more than once in the course of the day, she locked herself in her room, and opened the desk in which she kept Launcelot Darrell's sketches and her dead father's last letter. She looked at these things almost as if she feared that by some diabolical influence they might be taken from her before they had served as the instruments of her revenge. So the weary days wore themselves out. The first week of Richard's visit, the second week of Richard's visit passed by, the middle of February came, and nothing more had been done.

Eleanor's health began to suffer from the perpetual mental fever of anxiety and impatience. Her husband saw her day by day growing thinner and paler; a hectic flush crimsoned her cheek now at every trifling agitation, with every surprise, however insignificant; but except for these transient blushes, her face was as colorless as marble.

Her husband saw this, and made himself miserable because of the change in his young wife. He made himself still more wretched by reason of those unworthy doubts and suspicions that were for

ever torturing him. "Why was Eleanor ill? Why was she unhappy?" He asked himself this latter question a thousand times a day, and always answered it more or less after the same fashion.

She was unhappy because of the swiftly approaching marriage between Laura Mason and Launcelot Darrell. She had opposed that marriage with all the power she possessed. She had over-estimated her own fortitude when she sacrificed her love for the young artist to her desire to win a brilliant position.

"Why should she be different from other women?" the lawyer thought. "She has married me for my money, and she is sorry for what she has done, and perhaps upon the eve of poor Laura's wedding-day there will be a repetition of the scene that took place at Lausanne eighteen years ago." This was the manner of meditation to which Mr. Monckton abandoned himself when the black mood was upon him.

All this time Launcelot Darrell came backwards and forwards between Hazlewood and Tolldale, after the free-and-easy manner of an accepted lover, who feels that, whatever advantages he may obtain by the matrimonial treaty which he is about to form, his own transcendent merits are so far above every meaner consideration as to render the lady the gainer by the bargain.

He came, therefore, whenever it pleased him to come. Now dawdling away a morning over the piano with Laura Mason, now playing billiards with Richard Thornton, who associated with him as it were under protest, hating him most cordially all the time.

"The detectives must have a hard time of it," reflected Mr. Thornton, after one of these mornings. "Imagine having to hob-and-nob with a William Palmer, on the chance of his dropping out a word or two that might help to bring him to the gallows. The profession is extremely honorable, no doubt, but I don't think it can be a very pleasant one. I fancy, upon the whole, a muddy crossing and a good broom must be more agreeable to a man's feelings."

The 15th of February came, dark, cold and dreary, and Eleanor reminded the scene-painter that only one month now remained before the day appointed for Laura's marriage. That young lady, absorbed amongst a chaos of ribbons and laces, silks and velvets, had ceased to feel any jealousy of her guardian's wife. Her lover's easy acceptance of her devotion was sufficient for her happiness. What should the Corsair do but twist his black moustaches and permit Medora to worship him?

It was on this very 15th of February that, for the first time since the visit to Launcelot Darrell's studio, Mr. Richard Thornton made a discovery.

It was not a very important one, perhaps, nor did it bear directly upon the secret of the artist's life, but it was something.

The scene-painter left Tolldale soon after breakfast upon this bleak February day, in a light dog-cart which Mr. Monckton placed at the disposal of such of his guests who might wish to explore the neighboring country. He did not return until dusk, and broke in upon Eleanor's solitude as the shadows were gathering outside the window of the room in which she sat. He found his old companion alone in a little morning-room, next her husband's study. She was sitting on a low stool by the hearth, her head resting on her hands, and the red firelight on her face; her attitude altogether expressive of care and despondency.

The door of communication between Gilbert Monckton's study and the room in which Eleanor sat was closed.

The girl started and looked up as Richard Thornton opened the door. The day had been wet as well as cold; drops of rain and sleet hung about the young man's rough greatcoat, and he brought a damp and chilly atmosphere into the room. Eleanor took very little notice of his return.

"Is it you, Richard?" she said, absently.

"Yes, Mrs. Monckton, I have been out all day; I have been to Windsor."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I met Launcelot Darrell there."

"You met Launcelot Darrell," repeated Eleanor. "Richard," she cried, suddenly, rising as she spoke, and going to where the young man stood, "you have found out something more."

"I have not found what we want, Eleanor. I have not found the proof that you must lay before Mr. de Crespigny, when you ask him to disinherit his nephew. But I think I have made a discovery." "What discovery?" asked Mrs. Monckton, with suppressed eagerness; "do not speak loudly, Dick," she added, in a hurried whisper, "my husband is in the next room. I sit with him sometimes when he is at work there with his law papers, but I can't help fancying that my presence annoys him. He is not the same to me that he used to be. Oh, Richard, Richard, I feel as if I was divided from every creature in the world except you; I can trust you, for you know my secret. When will this end?"

"Very soon, my dear, I hope," Mr. Thornton answered, gravely. "There was a time when I urged you to abandon your purpose, Eleanor, but I do so no longer. Launcelot Darrell is a bad man, and the poor little girl with the blue eyes and flaxen ringlets must not be suffered to fall into his power."

"No, no, not for the world. But you have made some discovery to-day, Richard?"

"I think so. You remember what Mr. Monckton told us that Mr. de Crespigny had only that day made his will?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly."

"Laura Mason was present when her guardian told us this. It is only natural she should tell Launcelot Darrell what had happened."

"She tells him everything; she would be sure to tell him that."

"Precisely, and Mr. Darrell has not been slow to act upon the hint."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Launcelot Darrell has been guilty of the baseness of bribing Mr. Lawford's clerk, in order to find out the secret of the contents of that will."

"How do you know this?"

"I discovered it by the merest chance. You owe me no praises, Eleanor. I begin to think that the science of detection is, after all, very weak and imperfect; and that the detective officer owes many of his greatest triumphs to patience and a series of happy accidents. Yes, Eleanor, Mr. Darrell's eagerness, or avarice, whichever you will, would not suffer him to wait until his great-uncle's death. He was determined to know the contents of that will; and, whatever the knowledge has cost him, I fancy he is scarcely satisfied with his bargain."

"Why?"

"Because I believe that he is disinherited."

There was a noise as of the movement of a heavy chair in the next room.

"Hush," Eleanor whispered; "my husband is going to dress for dinner."

A bell rang while she was speaking, and Richard heard the door of the next room opened and shut.

CHAPTER XXXV.—WHAT HAPPENED AT WINDSOR.

"Yes," repeated Richard Thornton, "I have reason to believe that the will witnessed by your husband is a very unpleasant piece of literature in the estimation of Launcelot Darrell, for I fancy that it cuts him off without even the meagre consolation of that solitary shilling which is usually inherited by unhappy elder sons."

"But tell me why you think this, Richard."

"I will, my dear Mrs. Monckton. The story is rather a long one, but I think I can tell it in a quarter of an hour. Can you dress for dinner in the other quarter?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"What a nuisance civilization is, Nelly. We never dressed for dinner in the Pilasters; indeed, the fashion among the leading families in that locality leans rather the other way. The gentlemen in the cab and chimney line generally take off their coats when the midday meal is announced in order to dine in their shirt-sleeves."

"Richard, Richard!" cried Eleanor, impatiently.

"Well, well, Mrs. Monckton, seriously, you shall have my Windsor adventures. I hate this man Launcelot Darrell, for I believe he is a shallow, selfish, cold-hearted coxcomb, or else I don't think I could have brought myself to do what I have done to-day. I've been playing the spy, Eleanor, for a couple of hours at least. The Duke of Otranto used to find plenty of people for this kind of work, artists, actors, actresses, priests, women, every creature whom you would least suspect of baseness. But they manage these things better in France. We don't take to the business so readily upon this side of the water."

"Richard!"

The girl's impatience was almost uncontrollable. She watched the hands of a little clock upon the chimney-piece, the firelight flashed every now and then upon the dial, and then faded out, leaving it dark.

"I'm coming to the story, Nell, if you'll only be patient," remonstrated Mr. Thornton.

He was getting over that secret sorrow which he had nursed for such a long time in the lowest depths of a most true and faithful breast. He was growing reconciled to the inevitable, as we all must sooner or later; and he had resumed that comfortable brotherly familiarity which had been so long habitual to him in his intercourse with Eleanor.

"Only be patient, my dear, and let me tell my story my own way," he pleaded. "I left here early this morning in your husband's dogcart, intending to drive over to Windsor and amuse myself by exploring the town and the castle, if possible, to see if there was anything in my way to be picked up—donjon keeps, turret staircases, secret corridors, and so on, you know. You know what sort of a morning it was, bleak and dismal enough, but until twelve o'clock no rain. It was within a quarter of an hour of twelve when I got into Windsor, and the rain was just beginning, spiteful drops of rain and particles of sleet, that came down obliquely and cut into your face like so many needle-points. I stopped at an inn in a perpendicular street below the castle, which looks as if it means to topple down and annihilate this part of the town some of these days. I put up the dogcart and asked a few questions about the possibility of getting admission to the royal dwelling-place. Of course I was informed that such admission was to-day utterly impracticable. I could have seen the state apartments yesterday. I could see them, most likely, by the end of next week, but I couldn't see them when I wanted to see them. I hinted that my chief desire was to see secret passages, donjon keeps, moats and sliding panels, but neither the landlord nor the waiter seemed to understand me, and I sat down rather despondently by the window of the tavern parlor to wait till the rain was over, and I could go out and prow upon the castle terrace to study wintry effects in the park."

"But Launcelot Darrell, Richard—where did you meet Launcelot Darrell?"

"I am coming to him presently. The perpendicular street wasn't particularly lively upon this wretched February day; so, as there weren't any passers-by to look at, I amused myself by looking at the houses facing the inn. Immediately opposite to me there was a house very superior to the others in style, a red brick house of the Georgian era, modernized by plate-glass windows and green blinds—not a large house, but eminently respectable. A dazzling brass plate adorned the door, and upon this brass plate, which winked and twinkled in the very face of the rain, I read the name of Mr. Henry Lawford, solicitor."

"The lawyer who made Mr. de Crespigny's will?"

"Precisely. Upon one side of the door there was a bell-handle inscribed 'Visitors,' on the other

a duplicate handle, inscribed 'Office.' I hadn't been looking at the house above five minutes, when a young man, with a slender silk umbrella, struggling against the wind, rang the office bell."

"The young man was Launcelot Darrell?"

Eleanor cried quickly.

"He was. The door was opened by a boy, of whom Mr. Darrell asked several questions. Whatever the answers were, he walked away and the door was shut. But from his manner of strolling slowly along the street, I was convinced that he was not going far, and that he meant to come back. People don't usually stroll in a sharp rain that comes down obliquely and seems to drift in your face from every point of the compass. He'll come back presently, I thought; so I ordered a bottle of pale ale and I waited."

"And he came back?"

"Yes; he came back in about half an hour. But, ten minutes or so before he returned, I saw a shabby-genteel elderly man let himself in with a latchkey at a small green side door, with 'Clerk's Office,' painted in white letters, on the panel. I knew by the look of this man that he must be a clerk. There's a look about an attorney's clerk that you can't mistake, even when he doesn't carry a blue bag, and this man did carry one. Ten minutes afterwards Launcelot Darrell returned. This time he knocked with the handle of his umbrella at the green door, which was opened by the boy, who went to fetch the elderly clerk. This elderly clerk and Mr. Darrell stood on the doorstep, talking confidentially for about five minutes, and then our friend the artist went away; but this time again strolled slowly through the rain, as if he had a certain interval to dispose of and scarcely knew what to do with himself."

"I suppose the amateur detective business fills a man's mind with all manner of suspicious fancies, Eleanor. However that may be, I could not help thinking that there was something queer in these two visits of Launcelot Darrell to the red brick house opposite me. What did he want with a lawyer, in the first place? and if he did want a lawyer, why didn't he go straight to Mr. Lawford, who was at home—for I could see his head across the top of the wire blind in one of the plate-glass windows as he bent over his desk—instead of tampering with small boys and clerks? There was something mysterious in the manner of his hanging about the place; and as I had been watching him wearily for a long time without being able to find out anything mysterious in his conduct, I determined to make the most of my chances and watch him to some purpose to-day."

"He'll come back," I thought, "unless I'm very much mistaken."

"I was very much mistaken, for Launcelot Darrell did not come back; but a few minutes after the clock struck one, the green door opened, and the elderly clerk came out, without the blue bag this time, and walked nimbly up the street in the direction that Launcelot Darrell had taken."

"He's going to his dinner," I thought, "or he's going to meet Launcelot Darrell."

"I put on my hat, and went out of the house. The clerk was toiling up the perpendicular street a good way ahead of me, but I managed to keep him in sight and to be close upon his heels when he turned the corner into the street below the towers of the castle. He walked a little way along this street, and then went into one of the principal hotels."

"Ah, my friend!" I said to myself, "you don't ordinarily take your dinner at that house, I imagine. It's a cut above your requirements, I should think."

"I went into the hotel and made my way to the coffee-room. Mr. Launcelot Darrell and the shabby-genteel clerk were sitting at a table drinking sherry and soda-water. The artist was talking to his companion in a low voice, and very earnestly. It was not difficult to see that he was trying to persuade the seedy clerk to something which the clerk's sense of caution revolted from. Both men looked up as I went into the room, which they had all to themselves until that moment; and Launcelot Darrell flushed scarlet as he recognised me. It was evident, therefore, that he did not care to be seen in the company of Mr. Lawford's clerk."

"Good morning, Mr. Darrell," I said; "I've come over to have a look at the castle, but I find strangers are not admitted to-day; so I'm obliged to content myself with walking about in the wet for an hour or two."

"Launcelot Darrell answered me in that patronising manner which renders him so delightful to the people he considers inferior to himself. He had quite recovered from the confusion my sudden appearance had caused, and muttered something about Mr. Lawford, the attorney, and 'business.' Then he sat biting his nails in an uncomfortable and restless manner, while I drank another bottle of pale ale. That's another objection to the detective business, it involves such a lot of drinking."

"I left the hotel, and left Mr. Darrell and the clerk together, but I didn't go very far. I contrived somehow or other to be especially interested in that part of the exterior of the castle visible from the street in which the hotel is situated, and in a manner kept one eye upon the stately towers of the royal residence, and the other upon the doorway out of which Launcelot Darrell and Mr. Lawford's clerk must by-and-by emerge. In about half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing them appear, and contrived, most innocently of course, to throw myself exactly in their way at the corner of the perpendicular street."

"I was amply rewarded for any trouble that I had taken, for I never saw a face that so plainly expressed rage, mortification, disappointment, almost despair, as did the face of Launcelot Darrell, when I came against him at the street corner. He was as white as a sheet, and he scowled at me savagely as he passed me by. Not as if he recognised me; the fixed look in his face showed that his mind was too much absorbed in one thought for

any consciousness of exterior things; but as if in his suppressed fury he was ready to go blindly against anybody or anything that came in his way."

"But why, Richard, why was he so angry?" cried Eleanor, with her hands clenched and her nostrils quivering with the passage of her rapid breath.

"What does it all mean?"

"Unless I'm very much mistaken, Mrs. Monckton, it means that Launcelot Darrell has been tampering with the clerk of the lawyer who drew up Mr. de Crespigny's last will, and that he now knows the worst."

"And that is—?"

"The plain fact, that unless that will is altered, the brilliant Mr. Darrell will not inherit a penny of his kinsman's fortune."

The second dinner bell rang while Richard was speaking, and Eleanor rushed from the room to make some hurried change in her toilette, and to appear in the drawing-room agitated and ill at ease, ten minutes after Mr. Monckton's punctilious butler had made his formal announcement of the principal meal of the day.

(To be continued.)

BATTLE OF BOONSBORO, JULY 8.

THE war has shown many affairs quite confusing old ideas. We have had Colonels commanding fleets and marines serving ashore, mounted infantry and dismounted cavalry. On the 8th of July Gen. Kilpatrick, who was endeavoring to cut off the rebel trains from Gettysburg, was attacked by Stuart, and both these fine cavalry officers fought with their men dismounted, Kilpatrick repulsing his antagonist, and subsequently capturing a large number of prisoners and wagons.

THE CAVALRY FIGHT AT BOONSBORO, JULY 9.

THE most hotly contested and purely cavalry engagement during Lee's recent trans-Potomac campaign was that which took place at Boonsboro' on the 9th of July. Lee, in his masterly efforts to escape, covered his rear with cavalry, and Gen. Kilpatrick and Buford were sent forward to Williamsport, to intercept Lee. The whole rebel cavalry were thrown upon them, fighting with desperation, as the safety of the whole army depended on their success. Manfully did Kilpatrick and Buford hold their ground against superior numbers in front and on their flank, but finally cut their way through, bringing off their prisoners with them.

JOSHUA WARD, THE CHAMPION SCULLER OF AMERICA.

THE great race between Ward and Hamill, at Poughkeepsie, on the 23d of July, has restored to the brows of Ward the chaplet of Champion which he saw so suddenly and unexpectedly wrested from him last September by James Hamill, of Pennsylvania, when, over-confident of his superiority, he allowed his young antagonist to win the two successive races on the Schuylkill.

The race just concluded was a match for \$500 a side to row five miles on the Hudson at Newburg, and for some months both competitors have been carefully training.

Poughkeepsie on the day of the race was crowded with strangers from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and betting on the result was quite animated and exciting.

The course was a straight one of two and a half miles up the river to a point where two stakeboats were anchored, one for each man to go around, so as to avoid any chance of fouling, and back again to the place of starting. The judges were: for Hamill, Mr. Stephen Roberts, of New York; for Ward, Mr. T. Donohue, of Newburg; for referee, Mr. Edward Ennis, of Poughkeepsie. Hamill rowed in a beautiful outrigger, built by Mackay, of New York, and in which he had rowed and defeated Ward twice before; it was called the Alexander King. Ward rowed in an exquisite shell boat, built by the well-known George Shaw, of Newburg, and named the Dick Rindon. This boat was 29 feet six inches long, 17 inches wide and five inches deep, and only weighed 43 lbs. Hamill's shell was a little heavier and slightly longer. The colors of the latter were blue shirt and red cap, while Ward had a white shirt and no cap.

The men were warned by the starting judge that they were to go at the report of a pistol, and precisely at three o'clock the signal was given. Ward dashed his oars into the water immediately, but Hamill remained motionless, objecting to the start, and declaring that "he wouldn't start." Ward, after taking a stroke, ceased rowing for a moment; but at the cry of "go on" from the judge's boat he resumed his oars, and when Hamill, at the advice of his judge, started to row, he was a full boat's length ahead. And now the struggle became interesting, while the contrast in the style of rowing of the two men was plainly visible. Ward rows with a long, steady, sweeping stroke, as regular and steady in its action as the movements of a piece of powerful, massive machinery. He bends his oars with a will, throwing the entire of his muscular powers into every stroke, while its effects are seen in the swift cleaving of the waters by his frail shell. Hamill, on the other hand, sits more upright to his oars, rowing with a quicker and shorter yet with a powerful stroke, the sources of muscular propulsion seeming to be confined to the shoulders and arms. His action is so much quicker than Ward's that he takes at least five strokes to the latter's four, and nothing but his extraordinary physical powers can enable him to maintain such quick action for so long a period. He gained on Ward before they had gone a quarter of a mile, but could not pass him, as Ward's long and steady stroke enabled him to keep his position in front. Rounding the stakeboats at the end of half the distance to be rowed, Ward was three lengths ahead; but Hamill here gained a couple of lengths by turning the quicker. Ward, however, put on a spurt, and took a clear lead of a dozen lengths, which his fine style of rowing, so regular and so effective in its action, enabled him to increase or diminish at his pleasure.

As they returned home and within sight the excitement of the assembled thousands became intense. Within a quarter of a mile from home the position and chances of the contestants became clearer, and a tremendous and long-continued burst of cheering from the shore proclaimed that Ward was leading. At every stroke his success became more a matter of certainty, and, without relaxing his exertions, he continued to pull as strong and regularly as he had done at the first, the firing of the signal gun of victory proclaiming him the winner of the race by 16 lengths, and restoring to him his forfeited title of Champion Oarsman of America.

The time was 42 min. 25 sec., the state of the river and the slight breeze prevailing being both adverse to the making of very fast time.

WHY is anything reconsidered accounted profitable? Because it is considered a gain.

A STRATEGIC LANDLORD.

A CHICAGO paper states that a man in the West Division owned a small house—a house of one story—which he had let to a tenant upon a mere parole or verbal lease. The period of the tenancy expired and the tenant was notified to vacate. The tenant paid no attention to the notice—indeed paid no attention to several notices. The owner found (as all owners who let houses without a written lease may find) that without nearly as much trouble and expense as the house was worth he could not get his tenant out.

In this dilemma, he hit upon a strategic expedient. He read in the papers how Gen. Grant had "cut off the enemy's communications" at Vicksburg, thus placing him in a situation where, as soon as his supplies are exhausted, he must surrender at discretion. Our West Side landlord resolved to cut off his tenant's communications.

He employed a house-mover, and requested him to bring an extra supply of blocks. The house-mover came, with his blocks, and commenced raising the building. When he had raised it about four feet from the ground, the tenant called a parley. The owner said "Move," the tenant said "No." House-raiser went on with his work. Next morning the tenant found his front door about 18 feet above the surface of the earth, and no front stairway. It was an elevation from which to jump would be dangerous. He called for a ladder. "Move," said the landlord. The tenant looked down sadly at the beautiful earth spread out before him, and agreed to move. A ladder was brought down which the tenant and his household gods descended.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STORIES.

THE Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette says that on a late occasion when the White House was open to the public, a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia told the President that the Union soldiers, in passing his farm, had helped themselves not only to hay but his horse, and he hoped the President would urge the proper officer to consider his claim immediately.

"Why, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln, blandly, "I couldn't think of such a thing. If I consider individual cases, I should find work enough for 20 Presidents."

Bowie urged his needs persistently; Mr. Lincoln declined goodnaturedly.

"But," said the persevering sufferer, "couldn't you just give me a line to Col. — about it? Just one line!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" responded the amiable Old Abe, shaking himself fervently, and crossing his legs the other way, "that reminds me of old Jack Chase, out in Illinois."

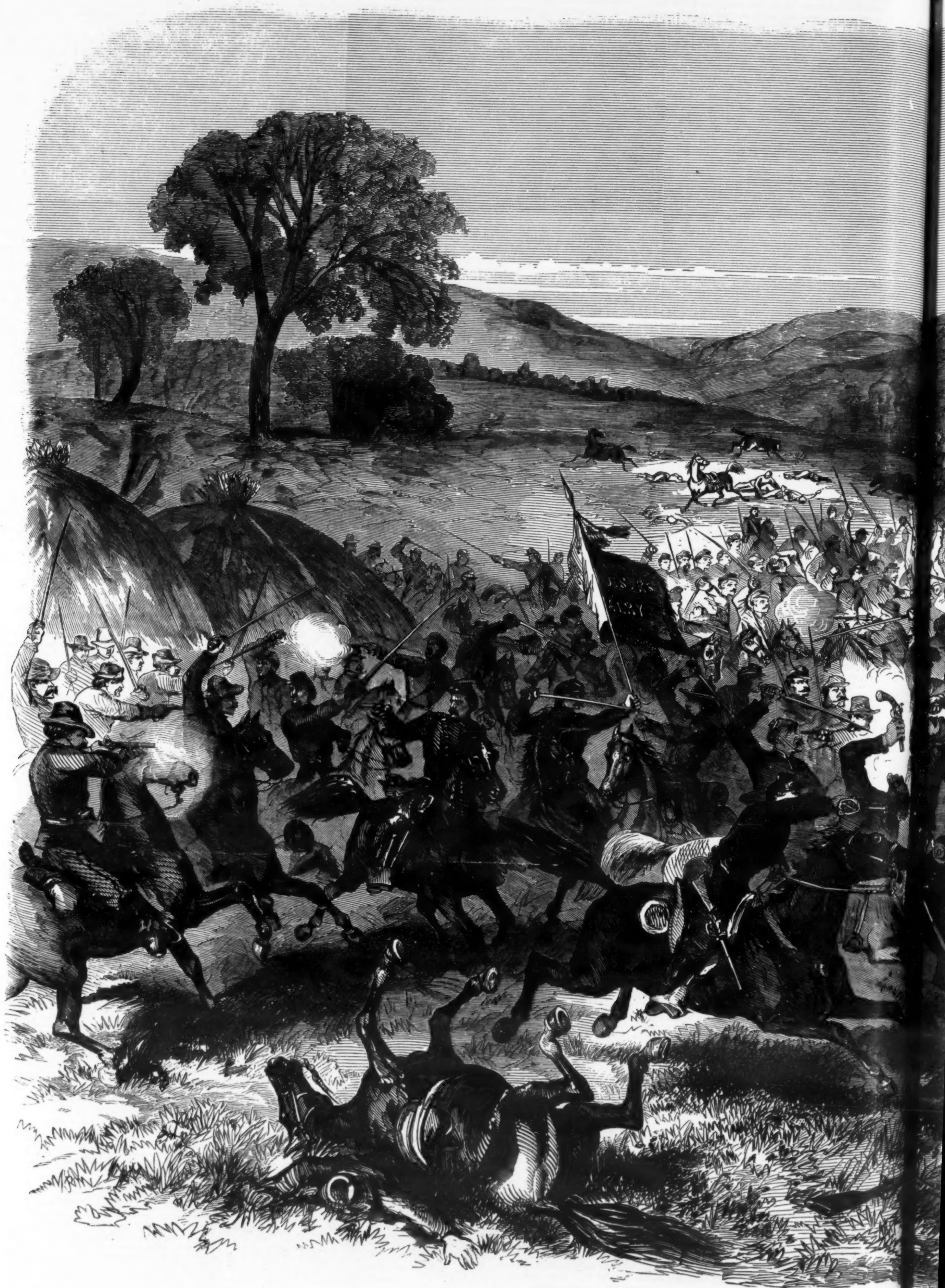
At this the crowd huddled forward to listen.

"You've seen Jock—I know him like a brother—used to be a lumberman on the Illinois, and he was steady and sober, and the best raftman on the river. It was quite a trick 25 years ago to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skilful with a raft, and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamer was put on, and Jock—he's dead now, poor fellow!—was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jock's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat-tail and hailed him with, 'Say! Miver Captain! I wish you'd just stop your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!'"

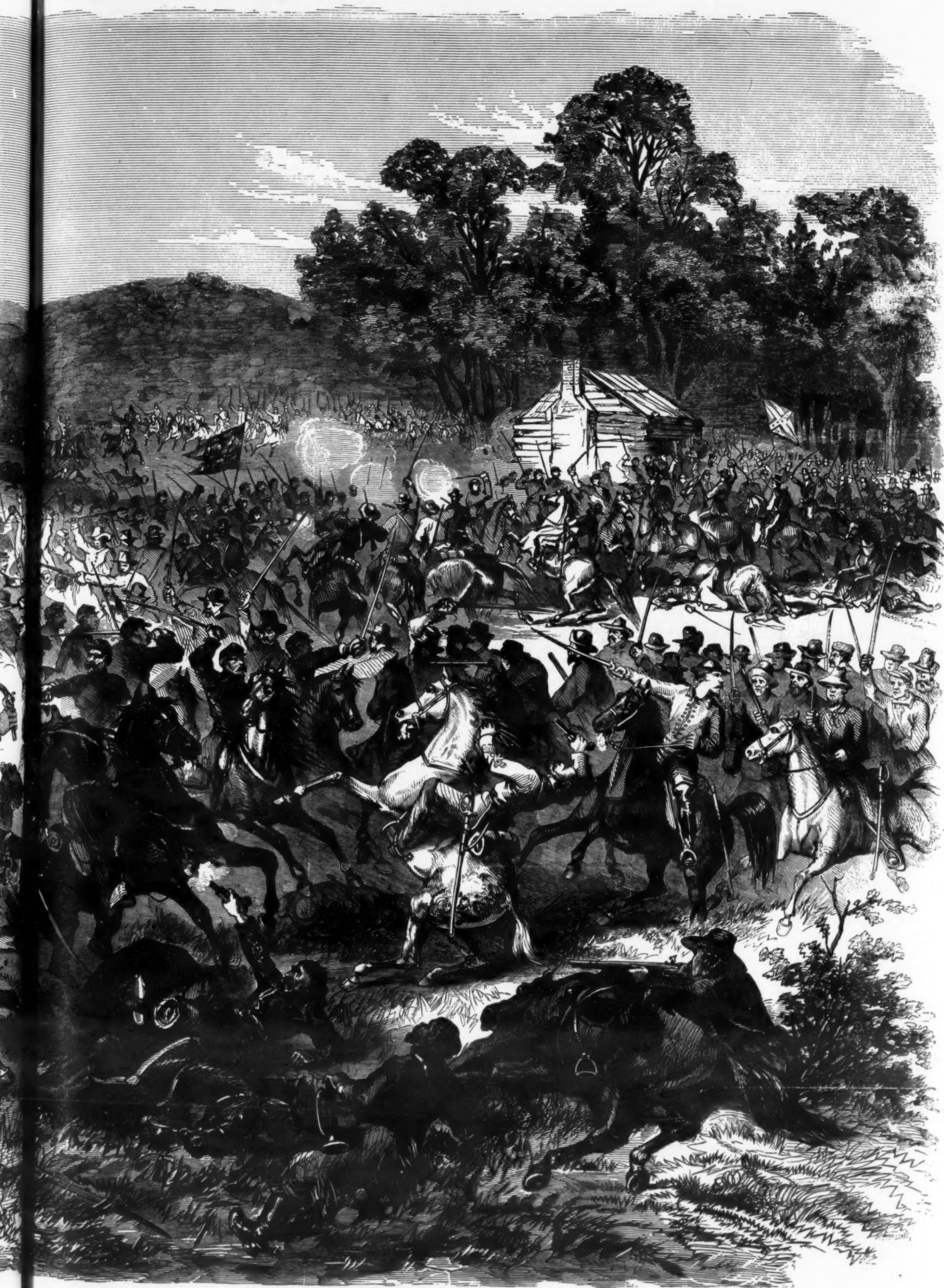
WHAT HAS PASSED FOR MONEY.

MANY things have been used at different times as money: cowrie shells in Africa; wampum, or beads made of clam shells, by the American Indians; soap in Mexico. The Carthaginians used leather as money, probably bearing some mark or stamp. Frederick II., at the siege of Milan, reviving this custom, issued stamped leather as money. In 1350, John the Good, King of France, who was taken prisoner by the celebrated Black Prince and sent to England until ransomed, also issued leather money, having a small silver nail in the centre. Salt is the common money in Abyssinia; codfish in Iceland and Newfoundland. "Living money," slaves and oxen, passed current in ancient Greece and among the Anglo-Saxons in payment of debts. Adam Smith says that in his day there was a village in Scotland where it was not uncommon for workmen to carry nails instead of money to the baker's shop and the alehouse. Marco Polo found in China money made of the bark of the mulberry tree, bearing the stamp of the sovereign, which it was death to counterfeit, being the earliest specimen of paper-money. Tobacco was generally used as money in Virginia up to 1600, 57 years after the foundation of that colony, and men bought wives for such a weight of tobacco; while in Canada the beaver-skin, being the great staple, was in like manner made a unit, and all transactions were estimated in beaver. In 1641 the Legislature of Massachusetts enacted that wheat should be received in payment of all debts; and the Convention in France, during the Revolution, on the proposition of Jean Bon Saint Andre, long discussed the propriety of adopting wheat as money, as the measure of value of all things. Platina was coined in Russia from 1283 to 1845. But the metals best adapted and most generally used as coin are copper, nickel, silver and gold; the two first being now used for coins of small value, to make change; the two latter, commonly designated "the precious metals," as measures of value and legal tender. On the continent of Europe a composition of silver and copper, called bullion, has long been used for small coins, which are made current at a much higher value than that of the metals they contain. In China Sycee silver is the principal currency, and is merely ingot silver of a uniform fineness, paid and received by weight. Spanish dollars also circulate there, but only after they have been assayed and stamped as proof that they are of the standard fineness. As Asia Minor produced gold, its earliest coinage was of that metal. Italy and Sicily possessing copper, bronze was first coined there. Herodotus says the Lydians were the first people known to have coined gold and silver. They had gold coins at the close of the ninth century B.C.; Greece Proper only at the close of the eighth century B.C. Servius Tullius, King of Rome, made the pound weight of copper current money. The Romans first coined silver 281 B.C., and gold 267 B.C. Some nations, although they worked the metals with skill, seem never to have coined money, and such was the case with the Irish, of whom no coins are known prior to the English invasion in the twelfth century.

THE MOSAIC VISITING CARD.—Quite a sensation is being created in the art circles of Paris by this new invention of M. Disderi. The "Mosaic Visiting Card" is a visiting card of ordinary size, on which there are as many photographic portraits as the possessor may please to place there. They are seen by the naked eye either the size of a pin's head or the size of a tent cent piece, but examined with a magnifying-glass they appear life-size. Disderi has cards containing 320 portraits on them; this is the largest number he has put on a single card. These 320 portraits are photograph likenesses of all the imperial family, all the statesmen, generals, diplomats, literary men, painters, composers, lawyers, physicians and scientific men of eminence in France. Another card has all the French episcopacy; another, the whole ballet corps of the Opera (35 figures); another, all the Italian Opera Company; another, all the writers for the press in Paris; another, all the dramatic writers, and so on in endless variety. Disderi is the inventor of the Visiting Card Photograph, which has come into favor all the world over. He has quite a palace on the Boulevard des Italiens, and he must have made an enormous sum of money.



INVASION OF MARYLAND—GENERAL BUFORD'S ACTION WITH STUART VALLEY



VALLEY AT BOONSBORO', JULY 9.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

LINES

Suggested by a Prose Sketch of Virginia F. Towns-
end, called "After the Battle."

BY ELLEN H. FLAGG.

A WASTE of land, a sodden plain,
A lurid sunset sky;
With clouds that fled and faded fast
In ghostly phantasy;
A field upturned by trampling feet,
A field up-piled with slain,
With horse and rider blent in death
Upon the battle-plain.

The dying and the dead lie low;
For them no more shall rise
The evening moon, nor midnight stars,
Nor daylight's soft surprise.
They will not wake to tenderest call,
Nor see again each home,
Where waiting hearts shall throb, and break,
When this day's tidings come.

Two soldiers, lying as they fell
Upon the reddened clay—
In daytime, foes; at night, in peace
Breathing their lives away.
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast;
Fate only made them foes;
And lying, dying, side by side,
A softened feeling rose.

"Our time is short," one faint voice said;
"To-day we've done our best
On different sides. What matters now?
To-morrow we're at rest.
Life lies behind. I might not care
For only my own sake;
But far away are other hearts
That this day's work will break.

"Among New Hampshire's snowy hills
There pray for me to-night
A woman and a little girl,
With hair like golden light."
And at the thought broke forth, at last,
The cry of anguish wild,
That would not longer be repressed—
O God! my wife and child!"

"And," said the ether dying man,
"Across the Georgia plain
There watch and wait for me loved ones
I'll never see again.
A little girl, with dark, bright eyes,
Each day waits at the door;
The father's step, the father's kiss
Will never meet her more.

"To-day we sought each other's lives,
Death levels all that now;
For soon before God's mercy-seat
Together we shall bow.
Forgive each other while we may;
Life's but a weary game,
And right or wrong, the morning sun
Will find us, dead, the same."

The dying lips the pardon breathe;
The dying hands entwine;
The last ray dies, and over all
The stars from heaven shine;
And the little girl with golden hair,
And one with dark eyes bright,
On Hampshire's hills and Georgia's plain,
Were fatherless that night.

THE CONCERT TICKET.

I WAS wretchedly disappointed—there is no use in denying that; I wished so much to attend that concert, and when I heard the door close behind my cousins and their attendant cavaliers, I just sought the darkest corner of the dining-room where I thought I should be unmolested, and seated myself on an ottoman in a most disconsolate attitude. I have noticed that people in stories never seat themselves naturally; they either sink into a chair or throw themselves down on something or other; but I sat down deliberately, covered my face with my hands, and then and there indulged in a good hearty crying spell. "Very excusable in a child, but not quite proper in a young lady of eighteen years, and for so small a matter, too." Who said that? Not you, O friendly reader; I know you will sympathize with me when I tell you all about it. As for the cynic that did make the remark, let me just say to him, or her—Respected sir, or madame, were you not aware that in many cases the cause is, seemingly, extremely disproportionate to the effect produced by it? If you are not satisfied on this point, just drop a stone—a very small one will do—into the placid water beneath you as you lean idly over the railing of a rustic bridge on a warm summer morning, and then watch the concentric chain of rings go rippling away from the spot where it sunk; the first no larger than a napkin ring, but widening rapidly as they increase, until the outermost circle has attained the circumference of a millwheel, and the whole surface of the stream is in commotion from the falling of a pebble not larger than one of those Demosthenes put in his mouth to improve his speech. Or let some amateur sportsman, one of those who persist in making Guys of themselves every autumn, in a nondescript shooting costume, and go round cracking at every harmless bird or squirrel they can "sight," under the mistaken

impression that said bird or squirrel is legitimate game, and they themselves are second Nimrod; let such a one, I say, in a dry season, toss carelessly the half-burned lucifer with which he has lit his cigar into a bed of dry leaves, or of the crisp, tender-like rock-moss, and on returning to the spot an hour or two afterward gaze with astonishment and alarm on the conflagration raging around him; the scorched and blackened earth, the flames gathering new fuel at every step, writhing and twisting, like fiery serpents, around the trunks of the tallest trees, and roaring among their branches. It was a very tiny spark, that, on the half-burned match—but it was the origin of this widespread devastation. Are these instances sufficient to illustrate my proposition, that effect is not always in just ratio or proportion to cause? If so, I will go on and tell you about my disappointment. As I said before, I had set my heart on going to that concert, and indulged in pleasing anticipations of the enjoyment it would afford me; and then to give it up in such a way, and not even have the credit of the sacrifice I had made. But stop! I foresee that I shall get myself into an inextricable snarl if I go on in this way, so I will just begin at the beginning and make a few necessary explanations.

I, Mabel Thorne, was an orphan, country born and bred; but for the past six months I had resided in the city, an inmate of the family of my uncle, Mark Carter, Esq. No, I am not going to tell you the name of the city. It wasn't Gotham. I have never yet set my two eyes on that modern Babylon. Broadway, the Battery and the Central Park are localities known to me by name only. No more was it the tri-mountain city, with its crooked streets, its "Cradle of Liberty," its glorious Common, classic frogpond and all, with other attractions "too numerous to mention." Neither was it that gem of cities, the beautiful "city down by the sea," that Longfellow has immortalized. It was none of these. Indeed, I suspect the two first-mentioned would have considered my city—if they had considered it at all—rather a third-rate affair. Nevertheless, it was a very respectable place in its way, and if it lacked some of the advantages enjoyed by its older and wealthier sisters, it made up for all deficiencies by an exaggerated amount of self-esteem. Not one of its adult citizens but was fully persuaded that in commercial importance and business enterprise their city rivalled New York; while, as to literary eminence, the Athens of America was behind the times in comparison with it. But all this is not telling my story.

Two years before my uncle had promised his only sister, my mother, on her deathbed, that he would be a father to her orphan child. If he failed in fulfilling that pledge when, after completing my studies at the seminary, I became a member of his family, I think he was unconscious of the fact. He was a business man in the most literal acceptance of the term. Trade and politics were, with him, the great concerns of life; and so absorbed was he in the worship of his idols that but little of the light of his countenance shone on the family circle. My aunt had the misfortune to be addicted to nerves. She was a martyr of the Marie St. Clair order. My cousins, Abbie and Lucia, were fashionable young ladies, highly accomplished and very exclusive.

I entered the family a warm-hearted girl, ready to bestow my love upon every member of it and hoping to win theirs in return. I was destined to disappointment. It was a hard lesson that I learned there, and it cost me bitter tears. The advances I made to my cousins were repelled by them decidedly and persistently. They looked upon me as an intruder, and regarded every favor bestowed upon me as an invasion of their rights. Hopeless, at last, of disarming their prejudices, I turned to my uncle. He did not repulse me, he was never actually unkind, but I think even unkindness would have been less hard to bear than his stoical indifference. Gentle words, pleasant smiles, "the small, sweet charities of life," were things entirely out of his line. The rise and fall of stocks, the success of this or that political candidate, these, and these only were matters of importance in his eyes. He supposed his duty to his orphan niece fulfilled by giving her the shelter of his roof and supplying her liberally with pocket money. What could he comprehend of that hunger of the heart worse to bear than any outward deprivation?

But I could not murmur at a neglect that extended itself to every member of his family. The rock would not soften for me, and baffled, but not discouraged, I turned to my aunt—the least promising case on the list. But here I was not only chilled by coldness but wounded by suspicion, and with a saddened heart I at length gave up the struggle, contenting myself with a faithful discharge of my duties, and living in the hope that brighter days would yet dawn for me.

But I had one friend in the family, my cousin Edmund, a boy of twelve; rough and boisterous, as all boys of that age are, but possessing many generous qualities. Our mutual friendlessness proved a bond between us. Neglected by his father, scolded by his mother, and systematically snubbed by his sisters, he was glad to turn for sympathy to cousin Bel—the only one who neither snubbed nor scolded him—and we got on famously together.

By nature I was very frank and demonstrative, probably too much so; but I was soon cured of that fault. If I indulged in a burst of girlish gaiety my cousins called me childish; if I was silent from wounded feeling they pronounced me sullen; any little peculiarity in speech, dress or manner was greeted with the sneering remark, "So country-fied;" while the slightest mistake in the conventionalities of fashionable life—to which I had not yet become entirely accustomed—was treated as a serious fault. Tortured in this manner, from perfect frankness of character I passed to the other extreme—complete reserve.

I knew that I was considered shy and unsocial by my uncle's guests; but how could I be natural

or agreeable when I felt that every word and act would be unmercifully criticised by my cousins?

The two girls had a number of admirers in their train. Abbie, the eldest, was already engaged; while Lucia—who aspired to the position of a beauty and a belle—would apparently have no objection to becoming so, judging from the marked favor she accorded to a certain Mr. Claude Aymer, who was in the habit of visiting the house. I could not but approve her choice; for, comparing this Mr. Aymer with the men we met in society, I secretly pronounced him "the noblest Roman of them all." Morally and intellectually he towered like a giant above his fellows, and his character fairly compelled the admiration which I was not inclined to bestow upon him at first. I had not been acquainted with him long when I found that my cousin Lucia was doing me the honor to be jealous of me. I could see no reason for this. I believed that his attentions to me were given solely because he perceived the neglect with which I was treated by my cousins. I certainly did enjoy his conversation, it was so much superior to that I heard around me; but I was not allowed the gratification long. Lucia accused me of putting myself in his way, of manoeuvring to attract his notice, and insinuated that he was amusing himself at my expense. I repelled her charges indignantly, but they produced their desired effect. After that I extended to Mr. Aymer a double portion of the coldness and reserve that had become habitual to me in my intercourse with others. He noticed the change in my demeanor, and seemed surprised at first. I often caught his dark eyes fixed on my face with a steady, questioning look hard to bear. I fancied, after a while, that he half-guessed the cause of my behavior to him. And that brings me to the matter of the concert, a point I have been some time in arriving at. The celebrated H— family, whose performances had been received with unbounded applause in all the principal cities of the Union (vide handbills), had arrived in town, and announced that they would give a concert at Lyceum Hall on the evening of the 25th. The number of tickets was limited, and there was a grand rush to secure them in season.

I had heard Mr. Aymer speak in enthusiastic terms of these popular singers, and I had a strong desire to hear them. My cousins were more than usually interested on the occasion. Abbie, of course, would attend with her affianced, Mr. Freedland; and Lucia, not having received an invitation from any of her admirers, charged her father to obtain tickets for her and herself the day before the concert. He neglected it, however; and when he sent to get them on the morning of the 25th every ticket had been disposed of; not one could be obtained at any price. Lucia refused to be comforted, and vented her anger and disappointment in no measured terms. But late in the morning a boy called with two concert tickets, one for my cousin, the other for me. They were sent by Mr. Aymer, and were accompanied by a note stating that, with our permission, he would call in the evening and attend us to the concert. Lucia was delighted, and at once dispatched a note of acceptance. I said but little myself, but was secretly well pleased at the prospect of attending, and in such company. But alas! for my hopes, the noon train brought a visitor, Miss Jenny Lee, Lucia's particular friend, and it must be confessed my particular aversion. After the first warmth of the meeting was over, the subject of the concert was broached. Lucia was so sorry her friend had not arrived earlier, so as to have been included in the arrangement—now a ticket could not be procured for love or money. She should have no pleasure in attending if her dear Jenny could not go too; it was so unfortunate. Miss Lee was in despair: she would give worlds for the privilege of attending. She so doted on music, and the H— family were said to be unrivalled singers, absolutely divine. Lucia was sure that if Mr. Aymer had known that Miss Lee was coming he would have reserved the second ticket for her, she was such an especial friend of his.

I saw whether the duel was tending, but kept silence, until Abbie said to me boldly that she should think I might give up my ticket to Jenny. Of course Mr. Aymer would have sent it to her instead of me had she arrived earlier, and it was not fair that I should profit by a mistake.

My cheek flushed hotly, and an angry reply rose to my lips, but I kept it back by a resolute effort of the will. Pride urged me not to give up my right, but better feeling conquered, and, taking the ticket from my pocket, I laid it before Miss Lee, saying quietly:

"You are welcome to the ticket, Miss Lee; I do not care to attend now, and I presume Mr. Aymer will be satisfied with the exchange."

I left the room at once, both to avoid her thanks and my cousin's triumphant looks.

I kept my chamber the rest of the afternoon, and did not join the family until we met at the tea-table. I was ready enough to weep, but I kept back the tears, determined that my cousins should not see how much it cost me to act as I had done.

I was in the back parlor when Mr. Freedland and Mr. Aymer called. They were shown into the front parlor, and, as the folding doors between the two rooms were slightly ajar, I could not avoid hearing a part of the conversation. In reply to some question asked by Mr. Aymer, I heard Lucia say:

"Mabel did not wish to go; you know she has no ear for music"—(oh! the slander)—"and I think she was glad of an excuse for not attending."

"If it had been Mr. Augustus Fanshawe that invited her probably her decision would have been different," said Abbie.

I clenched my hand and drew my breath hard as I heard the malicious insinuation. Augustus Fanshawe! a mere brainless puppy, whose advances I had repelled in the most decided manner, and for whom I had felt equal contempt and dislike ever since I overheard him say to Mr. Freedland

one evening that "By Jove, it would be capital sport to get up a flirtation with the little country cousin; she's so deucedly pretty, you know, and seems such a spirited little thing."

Well, they went at last; and then, as I have already said, I sought the darkest corner of the dining-room and gave vent to my long pent-up feelings in tears and sobs. All the sufferings and grievances of the past six months seemed to have culminated in this last trial, and I wept them all at once. There is something wonderfully composing and strengthening in a good cry, and after I had indulged in mine ten or fifteen minutes I felt decidedly better. Perhaps the resolution I had formed might have something to do with this, for I had decided irrevocably that I would leave my uncle's house and be dependent only on my own exertions in future. I believed I could find employment as a teacher, and independence was a blessing to be obtained at almost any sacrifice. All the better instincts of my nature revolted at the life I was leading there. I could do no good to others, and should be doing injustice to myself by remaining longer. Among strangers I might meet with coldness, but not, I believed, with such an amount of insolence and ill-nature.

My reflections were interrupted by the voice of my cousin Edmund calling my name. Not caring to be seen just then, I did not answer at once, but he searched me out. He had been present at the scene in the afternoon, so that my tear-stained face did not surprise him.

"Don't cry, cousin Bel," he said, throwing his arms around my neck. "It's a burning shame that you should be bamboozled out of your ticket in such a way. It was real mean and hateful in the girls to play you such a trick, and then tell Mr. Aymer that you didn't want to go; but I served 'em out right for telling such a story."

"What do you mean, Eddy?"

"Why, I just up and told Mr. Aymer the whole truth, while the girls were up-stairs getting their bonnets on."

"Oh, Eddy, how could you do so? It was wrong to expose your sisters in that manner."

"No, 'twasn't wrong, neither," responded the boy, stoutly. "Haven't I heard you say that to allow a falsehood to pass uncontradicted was almost the same as telling it oneself?"

I could not deny that such were my sentiments; but I tried to explain to the boy that if he had wished to defend me to Mr. Aymer he might, without implicating his sisters, have told that gentleman that I should have enjoyed attending the concert, but resigned my ticket to Miss Lee, because I believed she would experience more gratification from going than I should. But Edmund persisted that, though the statement would have been perfectly true, it was calculated to give a false impression, and fearing to weaken his regard for truth I said no more on that point, but asked him what Mr. Aymer said in reply to his story.

"He didn't say a word, he only bit his lips till I thought he'd make 'em bleed. I guess the girls haven't made much of a 'spec' this time, if they only knew it. Fact is, they're jealous because you are so much handsomer than they are, and so try to spite you."

"Eddy, Eddy! you must not talk so about your sisters."

"Well, I won't any more; but wait till I get to be a man, Bel, and I'll be your beau. Jupiter! wouldn't I be proud of my partner!"

"Thank you; I will remember your promise," I said, laughing. "And now, if you will get out the chessboard, we will have a game of chess after I have bathed my face."

While he went for the board I ran up to my room, bathed my flushed cheeks and eyes in cold water and arranged my hair. I was summoned down to receive callers, Dr. Ford and wife. They were the only real friends I had made during my residence in the city, and I valued them accordingly. They had called to invite me to accompany them to the concert. The doctor had procured a ticket for his sister, but at the last moment a toothache had obliged her to remain at home, and they wished me to go in her place. I gladly accepted the invitation so cordially given, and as the doctor requested me to make haste, since we were in danger of being late, I did not long in donning bonnet, cloak and furs. I did not even stop for that last look in the glass, supposed by the men to be a *sine qua non* with every woman.

Before entering the concert-room allow me to say a word with regard to the building in which it was situated, in order that you may better understand what follows:

The basement story of the building was occupied as a wholesale and retail drygoods establishment. The hall was on the second floor, and the third story was used as a store-room by the proprietors of the establishment on the first floor.

We arrived a trifle late, and found the hall filled to its utmost capacity. If the number of tickets was "limited," that did not seem to be the case with the audience. Every seat was occupied. But the hall, as it name implies, had been built for a lecture-room; the speaker's platform was broad, and as the singers and their instrument—one of Chickering's grand pianos—occupied only the central portion of it, a number of settees were soon arranged along either end of it, to accommodate those of the audience who remained standing. Our party soon occupied one of these seats. It was a conspicuous situation, but I did not think of that after the singing commenced. I had never heard such music, either vocal or instrumental. I would not call it "divine," as Miss Lee had done, but no other superlative was too extravagant to apply to it. The audience were enthusiastic, and each piece was received with renewed applause. I heeded nothing, thought of nothing, but that bewildering harmony, until, in a pause of the music, I became conscious of a half-smothered sound that I had heard indistinctly for some time without giving a thought to its nature. It was a dull, roaring

sound, resembling the breaking of the waves on a beach after a heavy storm, but I noticed that it seemed to be directly over our heads, and glanced involuntarily upwards, but there was nothing in that direction to explain it. The attention of others had evidently been attracted to it. There was an uneasy movement in the audience; glances were cast towards the lower end of the hall, and I saw one man, who sat near the door, leave his seat and slip quietly out.

"What is it?" whispered Mrs. Ford to her husband, but the doctor shook his head with a puzzled and slightly anxious look.

The music commenced again, but the next moment the thrilling cry of "Fire!" resounded through the hall. The singing ceased suddenly, the audience sprang to their feet as one man, the hall doors were flung wide open. From my elevated position I could look down the long aisle, through the open door and across the broad passage-way beyond, and I saw that which made my heart for a moment stand still with a dreadful fear. Nearly opposite the hall door, across the passage, a flight of stairs led to the upper story of the building. Down this stairway came rolling a dense black column of smoke, with cloven tongues of fire darting in and out of its scabrous folds. Already the audience, with that blind unreasoning terror that always seizes a crowd under such circumstances, were pouring into the aisles and pressing towards the doors.

"Quick, follow me!" said Dr. Ford, springing from the platform, and then turning to assist his wife and me.

But as I was about to descend some one from behind pushed violently against me, and I was precipitated to the floor. Dr. Ford sprang forward and raised me up, but as he relaxed his hold I reeled and sank down on a step of the platform. I could not stand alone. In my fall I had either broken or sprained my ankle. In the excitement of the moment I could not tell the exact nature of the injury.

"Leave me," I said; "save yourselves; I cannot walk a step."

The doctor would have staid to assist me, but his motions were embarrassed by his wife, who, pale and trembling, clung tightly to his arm. The pressure of the crowd bore him on. I saw him turn and try to force his way back, but he might as well have attempted to stem the current of Niagara as to make headway against that struggling mass of humanity.

I caught hold of the edge of the platform, and, by a desperate effort, succeeded in raising myself up and gaining a seat, where I was safe from being trampled under the feet of the crowd. I sat there and watched that living tide pouring its waves towards the open door. So wedgelike was that moving mass that it seemed but a single body. If one in its midst had died of suffocation, the corpse could not have fallen to the floor, it must have been borne on, bolt upright, sustained by the pressure around it, until it reached a point where the crowd could give way. This thought and many others passed through my mind as I waited patiently for the hall to be cleared, and listened, shudderingly, to the fearful sounds that had taken the place of those ravishing strains so lately echoing through the building. Groans, exclamations of pain and cries of terror, mingled with oaths and execrations. Yes, there were men who even in that hour of deadly peril could give utterance to the language of profanity. Fear is a cowardly passion, and under its influence honor and manhood seem alike forgotten. I saw something of generous feeling and mutual helpfulness in that panic-stricken crowd, but more of fierce selfishness, the strong striving by violence to force a path for themselves, although the weaker ones must be crushed in the struggle. It seemed a long, long time before the last of that procession passed through the open doors, and entering the lurid cloud beyond, disappeared from my view.

But I was alone at last, the sole tenant of that deserted hall. I was strangely calm. Either I did not fully realize my position, or else the very magnitude of the danger served to steady my nerves and keep me from giving way to weakness. Already the lower part of the hall was filled with clouds of smoke. The air was beginning to grow hot and stifling. I could hear the confused cries of the crowd that had passed out growing fainter and fainter as they neared the foot of the stairs, the shouts of the firemen in the streets, and the noise of the engines as they arrived at the building. But above all rose the fearful roar of the flames, raging in the store-room over my head. I fancied I could already detect great cracks in the ceiling, and knew that it must give way soon.

Was I to remain there and perish without making an effort for my life? I never thought of giving up in such a manner. I knew that I could not escape by the stairs, even were I able to reach them; the flames must already have cut off all hope in that direction. But could I drag myself to a window I might succeed in making my situation known to the crowd outside.

With a prayer on my lips—a fervent supplication to my Maker for help in that hour of need, I prepared to act. But, cautiously as I made the attempt, every movement was torture to my injured limb; the excessive pain made me faint, and I was obliged to desist.

Still I did not despair. God could open a way of deliverance even yet.

The next moment my heart leaped into my throat, for from the folds of that fearful pall, veiling one-half the hall, rang out a well-known voice, calling my name.

"Mabel! Mabel! Where are you?"

"Here! Claude, here!" I answered.

How completely the barriers of reserve and ceremony are broken down at such a time! It had been Miss Thorne and Mr. Aymer between us until that moment. In an instant he was at my side.

"Quick, Mabel!" he said, "there is not a moment to lose; the flames are fast cutting off our retreat."

"Alas! I cannot walk a step! My ankle is broken," I replied.

"I can carry you," he said, hastily throwing off the large shawl he had worn on his shoulders and wrapping me in its folds.

"It is impossible," I said; "you can never make your way through the fire with such a burden."

"I can do it easily; you are a light weight. I have lifted far heavier in the gymnasium."

He caught me up as lightly as though I had been a child, and, bidding me to keep my mouth closed, bore me swiftly through the thick cloud-like canopy of smoke to the hall door. I caught one glimpse of what lay beyond, and, shivering with terror, hid my face on my companion's bosom. Billows of flame were surging and eddying across the long entry. The stairway, by which we must descend, was literally a pathway of fire. The oaken railing glowed like a live coal, and, as I looked a part of it fell with a loud crash.

Three times did Claude Aymer, clasping me close in his arms, dash forward into that burning passage; three times was he driven back, blinded and half suffocated by the intense heat and stifling smoke.

"This will never do," he said. "We must find some other way of escape."

I was gasping for breath. My lungs seemed paralyzed. He carried me to the upper end of the hall, sat me down by a window, and drawing back dashed his foot through a pane of glass. Oh! how delicious was the draught of cold night air that followed the blow. I drank it in as eagerly as ever a desert-traveller dying with thirst drained the cup of cool water that was to give him new life.

My companion had succeeded in raising the window to its full height, and, leaning out, shouted to the crowd below. His voice was unheard at first, lost in the babel-like tumult of sounds that prevailed beneath. But they heard at length, and hastened to bring the ladder for which he called. But the flames were on our track; they were nearing fast; in a few moments they would be upon us. "We cannot escape," I said, quietly but hopelessly. "We shall perish in the flames. Better that I had died alone! O Claude, why did you risk your life by seeking me?"

"Do you not know—can you not guess why I did it, Mabel? I love you more than life. But courage, dear one! We shall yet be saved."

He unwound the shawl in which he had wrapped me, and taking a knife from his pocket cut and tore the fabric into strips. I guessed his purpose, and with trembling hands helped to tie the knots. He held up the cord thus formed; it was too short. Without a word I unclasped my cloak and handed it to him. This, torn in strips and added to the other, formed a line sufficiently long, but of doubtful strength. He fastened one end securely around my waist.

At that moment I heard the cries of those who were bringing the ladder; the next—there was a terrible crash, a sheet of flame enveloped us. I comprehended that the ceiling had given way. The next moment I felt myself lifted up and swung clear of the window. My brain reeled; the tumult of voices seemed dying away in the distance; thick darkness encompassed me, then all was blank.

When consciousness returned I was lying on a sofa in a strange apartment. Some one was bathing my temples. There was a strong smell of hartsbom in the room, the pungent odor of which had doubtless assisted in reviving me. Anxious faces were bending over me, but I recognized no one until my eyes fell on a figure kneeling beside my couch. It was Dr. Ford. He held my wrist and was counting the feeble pulse. I pronounced his name faintly. He answered with a burst of thanksgiving. Another name trembled on my lips.

"Here, safe and uninjured," said a voice from the foot of the couch, and Claude Aymer advanced and stood beside me.

He had not passed unscathed through that fiery ordeal; his face and hands were badly blistered, and half of his curling, brown hair had been shorn away by the flames. I could not speak to him at that moment, but our eyes met, and that was sufficient.

When the room was cleared of all but the doctor, his wife and the lady of the house the doctor proceeded to examine my injured limb. The bone was not broken, but it was dislocated, and the foot badly wrenched. The dislocation was reduced, and after the limb had been properly bandaged I was placed in a carriage, and, accompanied by the doctor and his wife, conveyed to my uncle's house.

Next morning I had a high fever. It was three weeks before I was able to sit up, six or seven before I could bear my weight on my injured limb.

Dr. Ford attended me faithfully, and his sister came, as soon as she learnt of the accident, and insisted remaining and nursing me through my illness. But for her kindness I might not have fared as well as I did.

As soon as I was able to converse, I learned from the doctor the particulars of the fire. Almost by a miracle, as it seemed, no lives were sacrificed in the fearful rush made by the crowd to escape from the burning building, though a number were seriously injured, many badly bruised, and several had their limbs broken.

Just as the doctor and his wife, borne on irresistibly by the crowd, reached the outer door of the building they encountered Claude Aymer. That gentleman, with his party, had been seated near the eastern door of the hall, and on the alarm of fire had hurried the ladies in his charge down the stairs and into the street, in advance of the crowd. Then, placing them in the care of Mr. Freedland, he turned back to assist others.

On meeting my friends a few words from the doctor sufficed to inform him of my situation, when he at once plunged into the burning building in search of me. The result I have already stated.

During my illness my preserver called daily to

inquire for me, and sent fruits and flowers to cheer my sick room.

As soon as I was well enough to be dressed I was placed in an easy chair and wheeled into the little sitting-room adjoining; then Claude was admitted to see me.

What passed between us at that interview is no concern of yours, dear reader. No, I am not going to tell you a word that was said on the occasion, if only to prove that a woman can keep a secret. But this much I will whisper, in the strictest confidence. I did not adopt the profession of a teacher, as I had designed doing, for in three months from that time I became the wife of Claude Aymer.

ALLY RAY; Or, First and Second Love.

A Story of English Life.

"Your village, dear aunt, is certainly a most picturesque and beautiful place," said George Murray, a young Etonian, to his aunt, with whom he was spending the vacation. It was a bright summer morn, and George had loitered in the breakfast-room to have a chat with aunt Mary.

The little village of Symton is situated in one of the most picturesque counties of the north of England. George had always resided in the south, and the mountainous, beautiful scenery of his aunt's northern home, united to the high state of cultivation and air of comfort spread over the numerous surrounding farms, caused from him constant expressions of admiration. He stood at the window of the breakfast-room, gazing on the romantic, beautiful view before him. All at once he exclaimed:

"Come here, dear aunt; who is this beautiful girl? I met her yesterday as I was riding in the wood; she is now coming through the meadow towards the back part of the house."

"That is little Ally Ray," said his aunt; "a great favorite with us. She is the shoemaker's daughter, and a good, nice, industrious little girl she is."

"A shoemaker's daughter!" cried the townbred youth, "you are jesting, dearest aunt Mary, surely."

"Not at all," said his aunt, laughing merrily at his manner. "She is most truly the daughter of Job Ray, and a very excellent shoemaker he is, as I can testify; but your aristocratic notions are quite shocked, are they not, dear George? Is she not pretty? There—she has stopped to cross Carlo; see that little plump hand and well-rounded arm—the delicate little foot and ankle! Job has fitted the foot well, though the shoe is heavy; and her form is pretty—so nicely proportioned. The morning breeze has blown down some little rebellious curls from the comb with which she so carefully confines them; can you not see them stealing from under her hat? and that rosy cheek, George, and bright eye! Foolish fellow! I suppose you think a shoemaker's daughter should be coarse, rough and uncouth. Why, Ally—or Alice, as is her real name—is as gentle as a townbred girl, and much better bred—for kindness and love have nurtured her. She is a notable little housekeeper likewise, for her mother died some years ago, and her poor father is an invalid. She takes care of the little garden which produces most of their simple food, and your uncle sends one of the farm men once in a while to give, as they say, little Ally a lift. Job is able at times to work at his trade, and his work is so well done that he meets with a ready sale for his shoes; that money buys the few things economical little Ally and her father need. That plump little hand scrubs, washes, bakes and sews. She is a notable, industrious little body. And she is not ignorant either. During the winter she attends school, and when I go to town I know well that the most acceptable present I can bring to little Ally will be some addition to her small collection of books. She does a great deal of sewing for me—all Rose's clothing is prepared by her neat hand, and my common dresses are witnesses of Ally's industry and excellent workmanship—in that way she assists her father who is so ailing. But I must not stop here chattering. Ally has come to bring home some work undoubtedly, and Rose's new Sunday dress pattern came from the linen-draper's yesterday, and Ally must make it quickly. Come, Rose." The lively, light-hearted Mrs. Mills now hastened from the room, followed by her maid.

The youth leaned against the window long after the pretty Alice had disappeared; then suddenly recalling his thoughts, he rang the bell for a servant, ordered his horse, and shortly after galloped off on his morning ride.

Two months had rolled by, and the country surrounding the little village of Symton was even more beautiful than it had been during the summer. A slight frost had touched the foliage, giving it a rich autumnal hue. George Murray and sweet Ally Ray were wandering in the woods together. The boy-lover gazed with passionate earnestness on the innocent face of the lovely child, while her bright eyes were cast down, that he might not see the tears which dimmed their beauty. They were on the eve of parting. The next day and he would be far from her. His guardian had resolved he should finish his studies at a German university, and years might intervene ere they should again meet—possibly never.

"You must always love me, dearest," murmured the youth, "believe me always true; in a few years I shall be master of my own actions; then will I return to claim my little Alice for my wife. Remember, my own one, that you belong to me. Ah, Alice, do not forget me!"

The poor child, overcome with the thoughts of their separation, wept bitterly, and he soothed her grief with assurances of their happy future. She gazed with sad pleasure at the little locket which contained some of his hair, while he claimed one little curl in return, and bent over her to choose the silky lock. The sun was setting, and its brilliant rays shot through the trees, athwart the path, shedding golden light upon the lovers: was it a beam of hope as a type of the future?

He left England with saddened feelings, but looked towards the future with the bright eye of youthful expectation. He never dreamed of how differently he and poor Ally might be situated toward each other in a few years. What sympathy and companionship could exist between the highbred, finished man of the world, that years' residence abroad might make the now impetuous youth, and lowly Ally Ray, the shoemaker's daughter and village seamstress? Poor Ally! one would almost have prayed that she might soon forget him; but no, her early training had strengthened her in confidence and truth. She had never met with insincerity. Brought up in the quiet village, her little pious soul never dreamed of change or falsehood; hers was not a nature to forget.

The first letter George received from his aunt Mary told him of poor Job Ray's dangerous illness; he was near dying when she wrote, and Ally's uncle was to come and fetch her in case of her father's death.

"I would adopt her myself," wrote the kind-hearted aunt Mary. "Dear little creature! I am exceedingly attached to her, and I would bring her up as my daughter. My boys already love her as a sister; and you, dear George, would not, I think, object to her as a cousin; but her father wishes she should go with her uncle."

Poor George was almost frantic at the news, and when he again heard from Symton, Ally's father was dead, and she, poor girl, had left with her uncle for her new home. He could gain no certain information as to Ally's residence. She had promised to let aunt Mary know when she was settled, but if she wrote the letter must have been lost, for they never heard from her.

Many changes took place before George Murray returned from the Continent. His aunt Mary was dead, and when he visited Symton he found many things to sigh over. Uncle Mills had supplied his gentle, thrifty wife's place with another spouse—a stately, dignified maiden lady he had wooed and brought to his home. The village had much increased. A large railway station had sprung up where Job's little cottage had stood, and scarcely a spot remained as in those happy days when he and Ally wandered through the wood.

To do him justice, George still remained unchanged in his love for Ally. It was true that he expected to find her far distant from him in point of mental culture, but then he comforted himself with the anticipation of taking her to a lovely home, and by patient love-lessons soon making her a suitable companion. But no Alice was to be found—the villagers had even forgotten her, and he left the place with deeper, heavier sadness than he had years before. Then hope danced merrily before him—now the future contained no anticipations of a sweet wife, Alice and home-happiness.

His uncle, who had been his guardian, was a bachelor, and resided on a large estate in the south of England. He and his nephew were much attached to each other, and to his home did George repair, and so readily did he fall into the solitary habits of his uncle's bachelor life, that there seemed little possibility of his heart ever owning another love; but who will answer even for his own constancy?

"I wish you would marry, George," said his uncle one day after dinner. They had just arrived at Brighton, in which place they intended staying a short time during "the season." "A sweet little wife," his uncle continued, "would cheer up our country home. I wonder you have never married—handsome, wealthy, nothing to prevent you."

"Why, my dear uncle," exclaimed George, laughing, "you should have set me the example yourself!—why did you never marry?"

"I should have done so, George," replied his uncle sadly, "but the only woman I ever loved died suddenly on the eve of our intended marriage. Helga! had she lived, I should not now be the lonely creature I am. I visited my friend Morton this morning, while you were lazily resting after your journey; he looked so happy—he was stretched out on a lounge reading, while his daughter, a beautiful girl, was singing and playing away merrily, to cheer her old father. How I wished she belonged to me!—and then I thought she would make such a capital wife for you."

"What! Mary Morton?" exclaimed George; "why she is the acknowledged belle of Brighton—nay of every place she visits, and is noted for rejecting every one—they accuse her of possessing neither ambition nor heart. Capt. Smiley bored me for an hour this morning with her peerless charms and accomplishments."

But George did not find himself so bored when he met with Miss Morton. He found her indeed beautiful and accomplished, but at the same time there was an air of frank cordiality in her greeting that made him forget she was a belle and a stranger. Her bright eye danced most roguishly as she returned his ceremonious salutation and noticed his uncle's gratified look.

He was soon her favored attendant. She drove, danced and waltzed constantly with him, until every one pronounced it a match. George was deeply fascinated with her, but at the same time he felt a keen remorse for his bad faith to Ally, and a feeling of dissatisfaction would come over him when he caught himself contrasting this highbred beautiful creature with the lowly Ally Ray.

"I could never love but once," said the belle one evening, in a brilliant circle, as they talked of love, and first and second loves. "A fig for your second loves! There is no such thing as second love!"

She extended her hand to George with a strange look of mingled confidence and mischievous combined as the band struck up a waltz. His brain whirled as her soft breath played on his cheek during the bewitching measure of the music, and he scarce knew how he moved.

"I will tell her all," he murmured to himself. "She may refuse me, but still she shall know that there can be a wild, devoted second love."

And he told her all the next morning as she was arranging some new flowers the gardener had brought for her tiny conservatory. George dwelt on the fervency of his love for Ally; he described, with manly sincerity, her girlish beauty, and confessed, nobly, his deep affection for even her memory. The maiden blushed, and tears trembled in her bright eyes as he dwelt on the sad years after they had parted.

"But why did you not write to her?" said Miss Morton, in low tones, as she bent over a fragrant plant.

"I did, over and over again," replied George, "but in utter despair, for I knew not even where she lived."

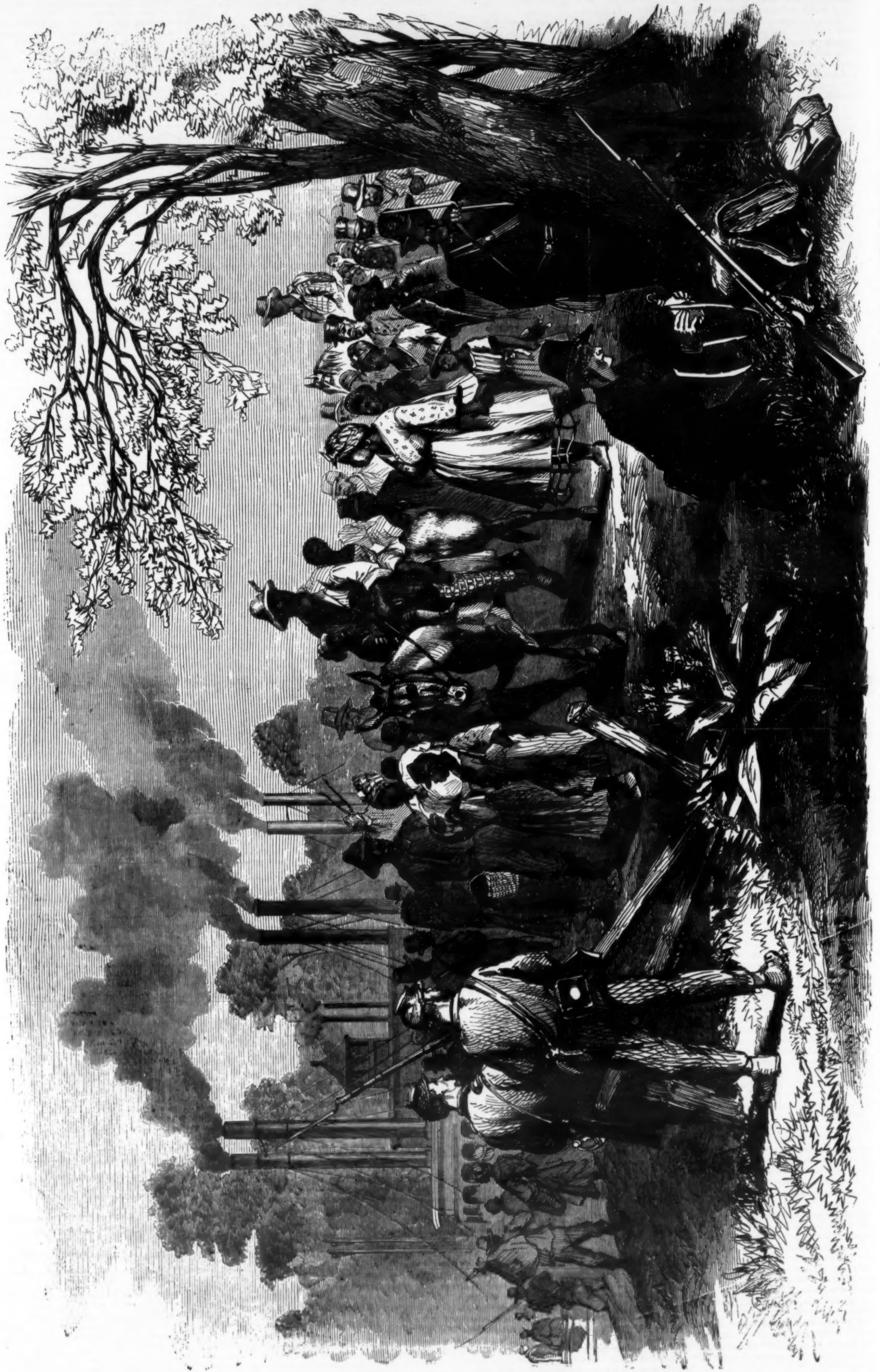
"She never received your letters," said Miss Morton, turning towards him.

He gazed at her wildly.

"George, George!" she whispered, as she drew forth the little locket, "have you not recognised your little Ally?"

It was indeed sweet Ally Ray. But we will leave our hero and heroine to enjoy their delirium of love, while we explain, in sober language, how the little Ally Ray was thus metamorphosed into the brilliant Mary Morton.

Her uncle had become a wealthy man. Ally Ray's name at her christening was Mary Alice. Her uncle preferred calling her Mary, for the only daughter he ever had, and who died in her childhood, had been named Mary, after Alice's mother, his only sister. Mary forgot at last that Ally was not his daughter and the old man wished that the world should think her his child. Through his indulgence and care she had every opportunity of education. Keen natural abilities, united to the earnest desire of bettering herself as an equal bride for George, when they should meet, accomplished much, and at five-and-twenty the brilliant belle, Mary Morton, would never have been taken for the gentle little Ally Ray.



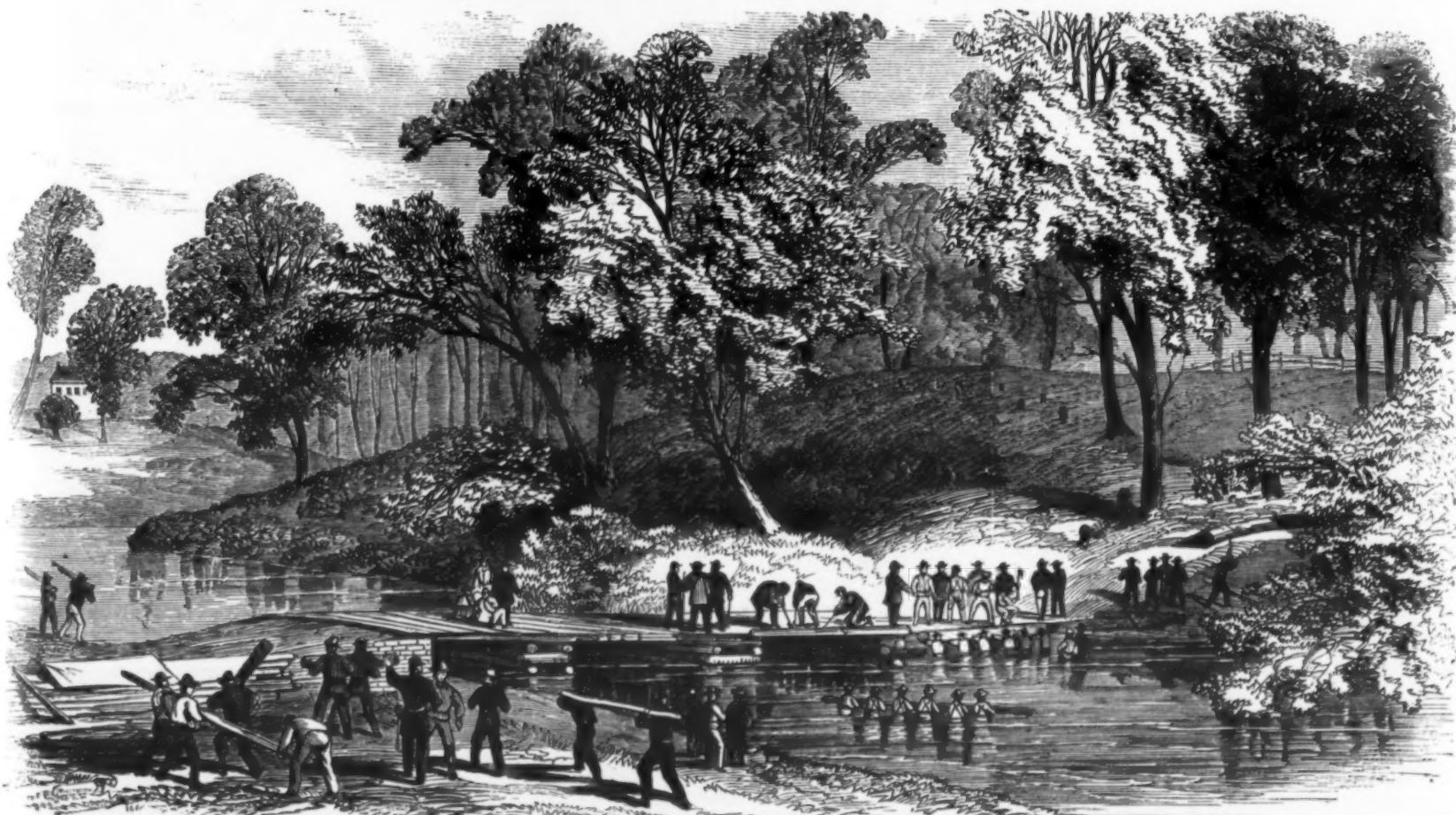
ARRIVAL AT CHICKASAW BAYOU OF THE NEGRO SLAVES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, FROM HIS PLANTATION ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.



MORGAN'S RAID INTO INDIANA—THE CONFEDERATE GUERRILLAS DESTROYING AND PILLAGING THE DEPOT AND STORES AT SALEM, INDIANA, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. C. HASKINS.



CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND—GALLANT CHARGE OF THE SIXTH MICHIGAN CAVALRY OVER THE ENEMY'S BREASTWORKS, NEAR FALLING WATERS, JULY 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND—REGULAR ENGINEERS BUILDING A BRIDGE OVER THE APPOMATOX, AT FISKE'S COVE, JULY 11.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. BOWWILL.

ARRIVAL AT CHICKASAW BAYON OF THE NEGRO SLAVES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, FROM HIS PLANTATION ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.

KATTIE OF THE NUTBROWN HAIR.

My Kattie of the nutbrown hair,
The dimpling cheeks and bosom fair,
The rosebud mouth, and laughing eyes,
As sweetly blue as summer skies;
'Twas not thy charms of form or face,
But thy sweet voice and maiden grace
That won my heart, my queen of girls,
My Kattie of the nutbrown curls.

Beneath the branches of the lime,
I'll wait for thee at milking time;
When the dew is on the clover,
And the weary day is over,
I'll tarry then, dear lass, for thee,
'Neath the dear old trysting tree—
For thee, my peerless queen of girls,
My Kattie of the nutbrown curls.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SIGHTS A-FOOT. By WILKIE COLLINS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

We are indebted to F. A. Brady for this account of a journey through Cornwall, by the talented author of the Lady in White.

PARLOR TRICKS WITH CARDS. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This little volume contains explanations of all the tricks and deceptions with playing cards ever invented, embracing tricks with cards performed by skilful manipulation and sleight of hand; by the aid of memory, mental calculation, and the peculiar arrangement of the cards; by the aid of confederacy and sheer audacity, and tricks performed by the aid of ingenious apparatus and prepared cards. The whole is illustrated and made plain and easy, with 70 engravings.

BOOK OF FIVE HUNDRED PUZZLES. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This is a collection of entertaining paradoxes, perplexing deceptions in numbers and amusing tricks in geometry. It is illustrated with many engravings and contains full explanations of the puzzles and paradoxes given in it.

THE DRUMMER BOY. A Story of Burnside's Expedition. By the Author of "Father Brightshoes." Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co., 1863.

A very interesting story for boys, well developed and handled so as to charm all young readers.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE ACCORDING TO ST. BENJAMIN. Sinclair Tousey.

A satire on the times in Biblical style, and parodying many scriptural expressions, which is, we think, hardly proper or humorous.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

AN officer of high rank attributes our victory at Gettysburg to the fact that we had no balloons, no gunboats and no telegraphs.

MISS EMILY M. WASHINGTON sends the Hartford Press some verses from New Orleans. She is in turn informed by the Press: "We haven't time to publish an eulogistic acrostic on Jeff Davis, though we hope to record his death on a cross-stick some day."

DURING the riot in Troy, Morrissey, the prizefighter, actually took part against the rioters. The mob attacked the Troy House and demanded that the negro waiters should be given up to them; but they were informed by Morrissey that the negroes had all left but himself, and he was at their service if they desired. His Hibernicism closed the parley; the mob, concluding no doubt, that Morrissey was able to "serve out" any of them, retired.

SOME one asked Gen. Prentiss how it came that he entered so readily into Gen. Thomas's ideas as to negro regiments. "When I was a prisoner," says the General, "I was guarded, and well guarded, by a negro soldier."

A FELLOW has invented a new instrument called the "enterprisorpheanicon." Anybody that can pronounce the name is competent to play the thing.

A FEMALE teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she was trying to explain to her pupils the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration, she exclaimed:

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is faith," said the schoolmistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired:

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat!" was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school-room.

A VERY amusing punning epigram on Dr. Isaac Lettson is as follows:

"If anybody comes to I,
I physis, bleeds and sweats 'em;
If after that they like to die,
Why, what care I?"

I. Lettson.

THE following is an Oxford effusion on Dr. Evans, who cut down a row of trees at one of the colleges:

"Indulgent Nature on each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes;
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox,
Lambs fly from wolves and sailors steer from rocks;
Evans the galleons as his fate foresees,
And bears a like antipathy to trees."

PENNSYLVANIA, when she welcomed the rebels to a gory bed, provided a Couch and a Curtin for their accommodation.

LET those who wish to see bright stars in the darkest night look at the American flag.

"THE only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a supercalifant, "is to shut your eyes."

AN epicure once asserted that two were required to make a meal of a chicken—himself and the chicken.

BALDHEADED men take a joke the more easily, because they are not at the trouble of getting it through their hair.

MR. JONES writes to a friend, and closes by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

A PHILOSOPHER being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, an opportunity.

"UNION is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

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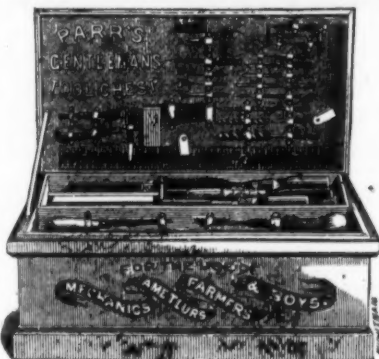
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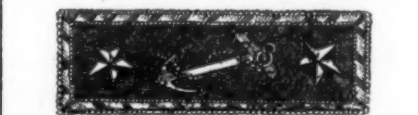


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